

TORONTO'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

EX-ALDERMAN THOMAS CRAWFORD, M.P.P., for many years has been a "probable" candidate for Mayor. He is a favorite of the political party which is dominant in this city, and he appears to be a favorite of the people. When a mayoralty candidate is being suggested each year about October or November, the name of ex-Alderman Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., crops up with a regularity which is concurrent with the season. Popularity is a thing that we cannot very well analyze, but why every year this city of two hundred thousand people should visit the cattle-byes of West Toronto in search of a mayoralty candidate, has puzzled me. It does not seem reasonable that the popular impulse of so great a city should always and sincerely turn to the cattle market in order to procure a proper chief magistrate. I am not speaking disrespectfully of ex-Alderman Crawford, because I am quite willing to confess, as a great many of us who probably have now no association with cattle, must confess, that they have cleaned out cattle-stables and milked cows, and performed, at some time, the chambermaid duties of the cattle-yard. Of course this neither prevents nor attracts deputations in search of a mayor. We are probably all waiting to be served with notice that some section of the city desires that we should be a candidate. Some of us are looking despondingly out of the window because no deputation appears. We may as well recognize the fact that these terrible disappointments make us seem harsh in our judgments of those who are continually being invited and never seen fit to accept. Ex-Alderman Crawford has been invited so often, and has refused so frequently, that I ask the permission of this meeting, informally gathered, to expunge the name of ex-Alderman Crawford from the list of future candidates. I do not know that anything more should be said.

YEARS ago a young man appeared on the public platform and displayed himself as an author and as the leader of a new cult. He was born of good parents, had a lovely mother and a beautiful wife. His display of himself was intended to be ridiculous to the extent of making money for him and the managers of his lecture tour. He went through the Anglo-Saxon world with an immense sunflower in his button-hole, with silk stockings and "knickers," and a gait which was intended to indicate a marvellous devotion to art. The person was absurd, yet a large section of the community which regards itself as being proper people took him up and made the most of him, and his lisps and trippings across the floor were all noted as being the marks of an unusual man.

A few days ago he died in Paris in a squalid flat. There are many reasons outside of his conviction of an unmentionable offence against morality, why his name should not be heralded as one who has made a success of life. Nevertheless, it seems to me that those who chronicle public events should not omit to record the good which this man did. It was he who taught the people of the world to respect the fact that a thing was not necessarily expensive in order to be good. On the lecture platform and in his books he inculcated the idea that a thing could be simple and beautiful. His personal appearance and his contact with the nobility of Great Britain is a matter of no consequence whatever as compared with what he did for art. He wrote a book, in fact he wrote several books, but in this book that I am remembering he made the blase Lord Henry responsible for the expression that "the easiest way to overcome a temptation is to yield to it." Of course this is the lowest class of morals, but men who can write epigrams have a great effect upon the morals of others. It is not quite right to wipe a man off the slate without some sort of a recognition of his good deeds, or of the brilliant things that he has thought or done.

It is generally conceded that at the end of this man's life—he—under concealment—wrote an extremely clever play, which has been presented with great success in London. It may be of benefit to us to notice that he died in poverty and lonesomeness, unforgiven by man or womankind, and it is proper that this should be recorded. People are willing to forgive the mistakes which men make because of their procreative faculty, but no one can forgive, or should be asked to forgive, those terrible things which have not even the temptation of the other sex as their excuse.

NO matter how the party managers may endeavor to evade the responsibility which is certain to be thrust upon them, the people of this country must make up their minds whether they intend to favor the maintenance and management of public services as a part of the duty of the citizen. Of course if the citizen decides that he is unfit because of his inexperience or a general tendency to do wrong, he should favor the continuance by corporations or syndicates of that service which is intended for him and for which he must pay. There is no reason why the citizens of a place of the size of Toronto should not have a gas service which will be as much under their control as the domestic furnace which supplies heat. The public are at the present moment invited to decide whether they shall own this gas service or continue to pay the Consumers' Gas Company. Individually every ratepayer and householder could be relied upon to do the proper thing. I cannot remember of any citizen who has ever invented a scheme of turning the gas meter back or robbing this money-making corporation of that which our by-laws permit them to collect. The trouble seems to be that the ratepayer is not sure whether the Mayor, or the Board of Control, or the Commissioners, or whoever he might elect, would manage the project properly, were he to favor municipal management. Of course this is a proposition which everybody must decide for himself. Nevertheless, each man who decides that he cannot manage this business is writing himself down as more or less of an ass. If we fail to do public things properly, it is because we individually either neglect our duty or have insufficient judgment to select proper people to attend to it. It strikes me that our gas rates would not be very much higher, and we might be very much better served if we attend to the job ourselves. Still, it is possible that the Consumers' Gas Corporation is doing better work than we can do. We are confronted with a proposition which means a decision with regard to our own ability, and no one can argue us away from this standpoint. We have managed to supply ourselves with water to the satisfaction of everybody. Would the taking on of the gas supply or the telephone system paralyze us?

I haven't at hand any exact statement of how many telephones are in use in Toronto, but the number cannot be much less than six or eight thousand. The people who are using these telephones are taxpayers, and know how badly they are being used by the Bell Telephone Company. If they combine, that is to say if every subscriber to the Bell telephone system agrees to take a civic telephone and throw the other out, the original company will be absolutely crucified. Here is a case when everybody knows who everybody else in the scheme is, when we can punish an impi-

dent corporation in proper shape. If we fear trivial inconvenience sufficiently to reject the municipal system rather than have the relief, we certainly deserve to go on suffering from the class of treatment which the Bell Telephone Company is giving the people of Toronto. The people should not be afraid that they cannot beat the Bell Telephone Company. It is not very long ago that we had no telephone at all, and we got along without it, and we can get along without it again. We can suffer the small embarrassments of a dual system, or a limited system, with probably more good nature than we suffer the treatment that the average citizen gets at the telephone. It may be that we have enough enterprises in hand to lead us away from the civic telephone system. It is not possible that we could suffer from any greater irritation than the Bell telephone system has become. We should relieve ourselves from it by having a system of our own. If we refuse to do this we are simply displaying again in a very distinct way that we are afraid to try to attend to our own business.

SENATOR FULFORD has recorded his particulars in his slander suit against Hon. N. Clarke Wallace. These particulars recount the statement of the ex-Minister of Customs that Mr. Fulford paid \$50,000 to be given a seat in the Upper Chamber. Mr. Fulford, as we all know, is the proprietor of a patent medicine which has had a large sale throughout the civilized world—the civilized

We see things happening which are not quite within the view of optimists, and we simply mark an enquiry as to whether these things should be. We recollect that there have been many efforts made by men and women, and—let us speak it reverently—God himself, to make this world good. Sometimes these efforts seem, collectively and individually, to fail. Whom are we to blame but ourselves? If we have the materials in our hands and do not work the thing out right, we must not try to place the fault on the shoulders of somebody else. That it is not working out right is quite true, yet being a faultfinder is the poorest situation in which we can be discovered.

THHEY are crying for a man in the University. In our kitchens, housewives are crying for a woman. A great deal might be said on this subject, but enough to set people thinking is contained in the declaration that somehow or other we are working on a wrong proposition which provides us with neither the "leading" man nor the "servicing" woman.

AS a person who makes his living by being observant of the events of the town. I would suggest that Toronto might very well close up its churches, Public schools, High schools, private colleges, and all the educational things to which we are contributing so largely, for one year, in order to let the preachers, the priests, and teachers, and

all these churches, and schools, and universities, and colleges, are not undertaking a responsibility which is not being cared for. Is the individual citizen alone to bear all the cost of what trouble arises from being truthful or at least faithful to some vanished ideal?

If we are not getting anything out of these things we might as well close them up; and though the proposition is not made seriously, yet I think the average citizen will admit that the experiment might not be without good results. Every citizen is weary of tax-paying. Everyone, father, or mother, or sister, or brother, is anxious to produce good results, but if we are working on a system that does not produce good results, then we ought to know it and drop the system.

Once in a while a man makes a great deal of money. Every day we hear complaints of those who are making money getting more than their share. Isn't it possible that newspapers in which these complaints appear every day are not making money, but they are crucifying the men who would like to be in sight and do right. Because a thing is evidently and permanently wrong, that should not end the discussion of it, nor should those who are doing wrong be permitted to pursue their business unmolested. If this is generally accepted, why of course we must pursue our business with open schools and open churches and widely circulated newspapers as accessories to the business of exalting Barabbas when we have a choice to make.

I am not sure that Barabbas has been properly described to us by historians. He may have been a very respectable and patriotic person, and a promoter. It is certain that he was popular in Jerusalem, and what is evident to us is that after two thousand years of education, and great attempts at culture, we still prefer Barabbas. It is quite immaterial whether we openly take the standpoint of the friends of Barabbas, or whether we really do so, and yet pretend to occupy the standpoint of Christ.

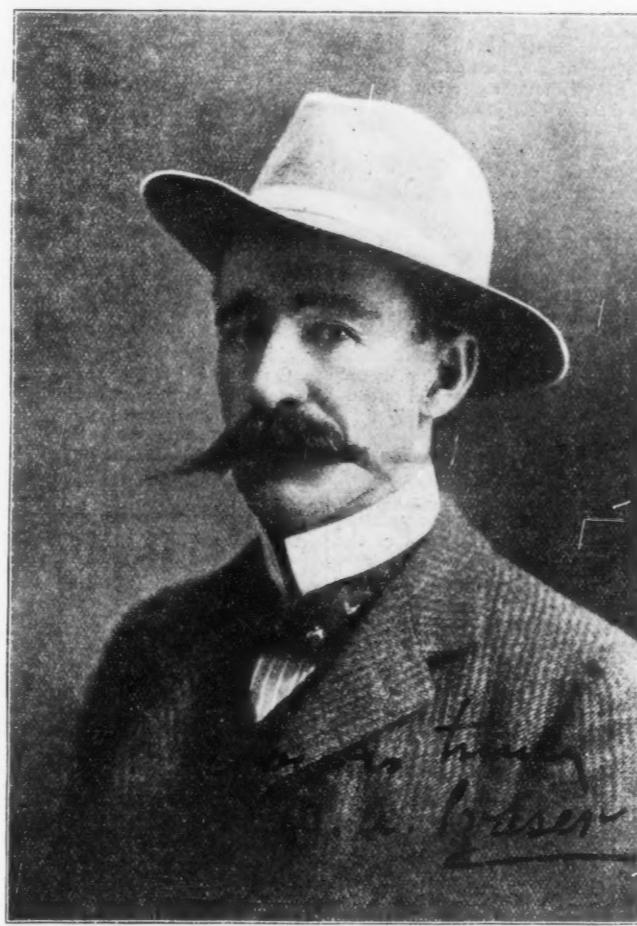
AND interesting but not surprising sidelight is thrown on the Ontario Conservatives not to hold a convention, for the alleged reason that it is inadvisable to commit the party to a definite platform, and for the additional alleged reason that impolitic things might be said by individual delegates for which the whole party would be held responsible. If Mr. Whitney and his lieutenants are fighting for any principle and not merely for the spoils of office, why should they be afraid to enunciate that principle in clear, unambiguous terms, and wage their fight upon it in every constituency from one end of the Province to another? The Opposition have veered from point to point until nobody has the faintest idea whether they are steering. If they win in the next conflict it will be owing to the faults of the Government and not to the merits of Mr. Whitney and his nebular policy. The Conservatives are taking long odds in expecting to be successful on the score of the Government's shortcomings. The result in this Province in the recent Dominion contest is no indication of a similar result with a different arrangement of constituencies and on different issues. The Opposition do not want to fight fair, but will attack the Government upon any or all points, and with regard to local exigencies. This may look like a promising formation for attack. So it looked to Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., but the result of that gentleman's encounter with the electorate rather goes to show that it will take a cleverer person than Mr. J. P. Whitney to play the role of a lightning-change artist with success.

THE system of four-dollar banquets to people who are presumed to have rendered some public service, is becoming objectionable. Colonel Otter is coming home, and he is to be given a banquet for which four dollars per capita is to be charged. Personally, I am quite willing to pay the four dollars, and yet I am not quite sure because Colonel Otter has been dined by the Queen, and is a charming and influential person, that it is necessary I should contribute out of my hard earnings four dollars to make him feel that he is welcome in this city. There is no doubt at all about his welcome, but there is a great deal of doubt with regard to the four-dollar price being necessary to demonstrate the desire of the individual for Colonel Otter to return. I do not know that in my most vigorous days I could ever eat four dollars' worth at one sitting. Forty cents has been enough to buy me nourishment to keep me over the twenty-four hours. Why I should have to pay four dollars to welcome Colonel Otter, as a matter of nourishment, startles me.

We are welcoming Hon. Mr. Sifton on the four-dollar basis. It may be worth it, but it seems to me that we are slipping from the tent-stakes of the soldier and the civilian when we propose that every man who comes back victorious in war or politics must cost us four dollars per head. We may gather in the Pavilion and make a great deal of noise, but we could do that at four cents apiece, and it must be remembered that there are people in this city who have not four dollars to spare. We may be able to accrue nourishment to the extent of the price, but it is doubtful, and it seems to me a very great pity that welcoming our friends has been made so expensive and so unnecessarily formal.

HAVE already commented in these columns upon the fact that an accounting of the Ottawa-Hull fire fund has been called for in England, where thousands of pounds were subscribed. Up to date I am not aware of the public having been taken into the confidence of those responsible for the administration of this money, though it is possible a report of some sort has been given. No one need be surprised, however, if it turns out either impossible or inadvisable to make public the details as to how the enormous sum of money collected for the fire sufferers was expended. Whether we have such details or not, a nasty impression is certain to be left upon the minds of our friends across the sea by this chapter in the history of Canadian mendacity. It has been stated that the fund collected many years ago for the sufferers by the great fire at St. John is still being juggled with, and provides a yearly salary of \$2,000 for some seat-warming official. If this is the case, and I shall not be surprised to learn that it is, the Ottawa-Hull fund can hardly furnish us with any surprises.

In this connection, it is worth while to consider the unavoidable position in which Canada is repeatedly placed by the begging appeals of persons and organizations who ought to be ashamed to misrepresent their country abroad. The Bishop of Saskatchewan has been "called down" in the "Canadian Gazette" (published in London), for a recent begging letter asking churchmen in the Old Country to subscribe funds for some scheme or another in his diocese. The same matter also came to the fore lately in a Scotch presbytery, where it was pointed out that the Canadian Presbyterian Church does not maintain its own home missions, though many of its congregations pay larger salaries to ministers than are paid in Scotland, and carry on their worship on a more elaborate and expensive scale than would be thought of in the land of cakes. A case was recently



The latest portrait of Mr. W. A. Fraser,

(Author of "Mooswa of the Boundaries." See p. 14.)

world being, apparently, the only locality in which patent medicines are merchantable. Mr. Wallace would seem to be in rather a tight box, because the gentleman who got the \$50,000 is unlikely to disclose himself, even if Mr. Fulford paid him that amount. It is to be hoped that senatorships are not sold at even these high prices to those who have the money to pay, but if, as it has been alleged, seats in the Upper Chamber are disposed of on this purely commercial basis, it would be well to have the thing understood. If senatorships could be bought, it would be obviously unsafe for young men to endeavor to obtain such situations by party or public service. The legal investigation which is likely to ensue is one that Canada will watch with interest.

ATENDER for the construction of a Pacific cable which is to be entirely British, has been accepted. It is to be nine thousand miles long and to cost nearly £2,000,000, which means about \$10,000,000. It is said that Canada prevented this scheme from being destroyed by the agents of corporations who had to do with rival enterprises. If so, Canada has done a great work for the Empire, and without doubt Hon. William Mulock must be credited with having kept this system of inter-British communication in mind. He it was who established the penny postage, and it is a matter which all well-informed Canadians and Britons will remember, that he has never forgotten for a moment the proposition for an altogether British cable connecting the Empire. A great many smaller enterprises have, and have had, interests with which the Imperial cable will interfere.

They have all been busy fighting the idea, and that they have been defeated is another proof of Canadian pertinacity and ability.

To be an optimist and believe that the good thing is sure to happen because things were created so that good things should happen, is, without doubt, the proper attitude of those who watch the progress of human events.

It is quite proper that all these things should be arranged so that the one who undertakes the responsibility must bear the expense, but we all have a right to enquire whether

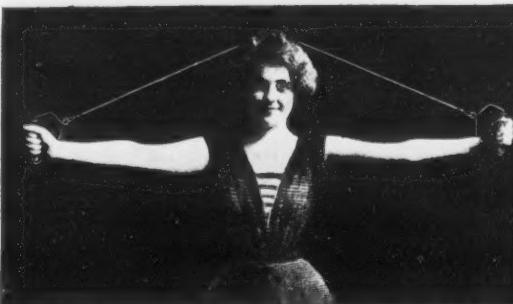
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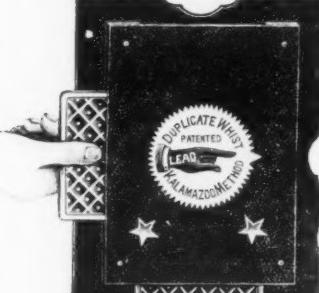
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Social and Personal.

HE anticipations indulged in by the members of St. Andrew's Society and their friends as to the crowning success of the sixty-fourth anniversary ball in honor of Scotland's patron saint, were much more than justified by the event which took place at the Pavilion last week. Honored by the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto, and further graced by an attendance of the wealth, culture, and beauty of this and other cities, the ball was quite the most chic and successful which has been held by the Scotchmen in Toronto. Every year the ambition of the decorator grows, and soon all memory of the bare walls and hideous facade of the gallery in the erstwhile barn-like Pavilion will have merged in a series of lovely pictures of a transformed interior, where electric lighting, complete schemes of color, and artistic ensemble reign. We have had it in white and rose pink, for the Yacht Club dance; in scarlet and white, for the gorgeous banquet; in various "dreams" (and a few nightmares) for other festive occasions, but the decoration grows steadily in beauty and effect. On Friday evening the difficult medium of the tartan was cleverly used, and the craze of the year, khaki, was much in evidence. Some thought the light was too much veiled, and that a brighter radiance would have set off the gowns; but this is refuted by the fact that all the smart women were told they never looked better, and laughingly retorted that had the light been at its full glare, some more searching criticism might have let them down less easily. It was an evening of great enjoyment, and not a dull moment slipped in anywhere. About half-past nine, the unusual stir at the door betokened the arrival of the vice-regal party, and files of tremendous Highlanders, with Captain Catto in command, broke through the fuss and feathers of the charming crowd of women, and lined a passage from the door to the dais, through which the pipers, the Governor-General and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Lady Minto and President W. Mortimer Clark, Miss Mowat and her dinner guests slowly made their entree. The great bonnets of the Highlanders were much in the way of the peeping fair ones, who "rubbered" for a first glimpse of the first lady in the land, in her pretty frock, while the canny dames who had taken seats in the galleries commented at ease upon the procession. Lady Minto wore a white satin gown, with some fine lace, and plenty of jewels, both on the lace of her gown and her dainty head and neck. Diamonds and pearls, with a diamond coronet in the soft, dark hair, and a touch of pale green about the bodice in a soft sash, dropping to the hem at one side. When the Countess entered, she carried a bouquet of violet and lily of the valley, but soon this was displaced by an exquisite bunch of orchids presented by Mr. McMurrich, and grown by Park Superintendent Chambers. The orchids were set in ferns and heather, and tied with floating white ribbons. Lady Minto said something very pretty about the bouquet, and accepted it with thanks, carrying it during the rest of the evening.

The brilliant group awaiting Lord and Lady Minto on the dais were presented, and the quadrille d'honneur formed of eight couples, who were: His Excellency the Governor-General and Miss Mortimer Clark; the Countess of Minto and the president of St. Andrew's Society; Dr. Kennedy and Miss Mowat; Colonel Campbell Macdonald and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn; Hon. William Mulock and Mrs. E. B. Osler; Colonel Mason and Mrs. Falconbridge; Mr. E. B. Osler and Miss Brock; Mr. Brock and Mrs. Kennedy. In attendance on Lord and Lady Minto were Captain Bell and Captain Graham, A.D.C.'s, the former an ex-secretary of General Hutton, and the latter the clever fellow whose funny literary effusions (nonsense verses) made so much merriment recently when published. Captain Mann has returned to England, and great disappointment greeted the non-appearance of that delightful Irishman, Mr. Arthur Guise. His Excellency's aides during this regime have been immensely popular. At eleven o'clock supper was served in the annex, a round table beautifully done in white "mums," red candles in silver stands, and nicely set with dainties, and served with an exceedingly good menu, being reserved for a dozen distinguished guests, while the relays of dancers were served at smaller tables until two o'clock. The music was very good indeed, being furnished by the Italian Orchestra, as the regimental band of the Highland regiment, whom some expected to hear, were away starring it in the West on a concert tour. The pipers played the various reels and schottisches which have been so well learned by a host of young folk, and were admirably danced by a very large number with great enthusiasm.

Among the ultra smart and beautiful gowns were Mrs. Mortimer Clark's grey satin, embroidered in silver and enriched with some lovely lace. Mrs. Cockburn wore silver grey satin, with rare old lace, and, by the way, the heart of many a lace lover was wrung when this same lace was ruthlessly mangled by an officer's fineries catching in it. I have been told that a precious bit was enclosed through the post to the lady next day, which was torn from her elegant gown during the ball. Mrs. Mulock wore black satin softly frilled with black, and touched with white, and her jewels were diamonds. Mrs. Wyld, of Dunedin, wore black satin, with embroidery of silver, and some handsome jewels. Mrs. Peters wore pink, a very pretty gown, with violets. Mrs. Riddell wore white satin, with lace applications. Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, wore pale blue satin. Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore white silk, with pink velvet, and some exquisite lace, and diamonds. Mrs. John L. Davidson wore pale pink, a most smart and becoming gown. Mrs. Willie Davidson wore silver grey satin, and white fiche, in which she looked very handsome. Mrs. Riordan wore black satin, with sequin trimmings; her guest, Miss Fitzhugh, daughter of the well-known railway magnate, was very lovely in white and silver, with corsage richly ornamented with silver and fine lace. Mrs. Campbell Macdonald had a very smart gown of satin under an overdress of Battenburg lace, some touches of pale blue velvet, and roses looping up the lace. Mrs. John Bruce were very pale blue brocade and bertha of lace. Mrs. Robert Darling wore cream lace over cream satin, with touches of black velvet. Mrs. Falconbridge wore a stunning gown of black satin, upon which were brocaded scattered single full-blown pink roses. Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander looked very handsome in white satin and silver. Mrs. Frank Arnoldi was in black, with one vivid red rose on the corsage. Mrs. Osler, of Craigleath, wore grey brocade and bertha of white lace. Mrs. Gordon Osler wore her "robe des noces," which was most elegant. Mrs. Robert Smith wore a handsome cream brocade, and danced the Scotch dances like a

true Aberdonian. But the sweetest flower of all was Mrs. Armstrong Black, in a pretty pink gown, as she glided gracefully through the tricksy reel, and the most stunning chaperone was Mrs. Heaven, quite a "l'impératrice" in white satin, with her lovely white curls and her patrician face, queening it over her charming daughter, Mrs. Morang, in quite a naughty way. Miss Augusta Hodgins, who was one of Miss Mowat's party, was sweet and graceful in a lace gown over satin. Miss Mowat herself was looking even better than usual, in a lovely white satin with gold embroidery, and a touch of color in her pretty bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. G. W. Ross, in a rich black gown, brought that bright and popular debutante, Miss Kate Ross, whose white frock had a smart little streamer of Ross tartan fastened on the shoulder. Mrs. Dignam brought her daughter, Miss Frances, and the Baron who is to carry off that sweet bud, was of the party in his Hollandish lieutenant's uniform, which puzzled a good many, one dame calling him "the American naval officer." A very lovely little debutante was Miss Violet Watson, of Hamilton, who came with her cousin, Miss Law, and was everywhere admired. Miss Watson, like her mother, formerly Miss Crawford, of Government House Toronto, is a petite creature, full of brightness and charm.

Among young matrons who danced at St. Andrew's ball were Mrs. James Burnham, in a deep green silk, veiled in white lace; Mrs. Morang, in a hand-some gown; Mrs. Harry Paterson, in a very handsome white satin, touched with silver; Mrs. George Evans, also in white satin; Mrs. Pyne, in pink; Mrs. G. Capron Brooke, in a very handsome gown and jewels; Mrs. McDowell Thomson, in pink satin; Mrs. Willie Lee, white satin and bertha of rich lace; Mrs. McLeod, of St. George street, rich brocaded satin; Mrs. Bristol white satin; Mrs. Cecil Lee, a sparkling black gown, "paillette"; Mrs. Bolte, white satin, veiled in black lace; Mrs. Harry Beatty, blue satin; Mrs. Charlie Beattie, pink satin; Mrs. Albert Gooderham, blue satin and lace. A bright bevy of girls were Miss Wornum, in white satin; Miss Ravenshaw, in white brocaded satin, with frills of point d'esprit and ribbon, and roses; Miss J. Frances Byford, in pink silk, veiled in spotted guaze; Miss Grace Peters, in a lovely gown of net and silver over white satin; Miss Bessie Bethune, in blue, with violets; Miss Evelyn Cox, in white silk; Miss Armstrong, in sheath gown of blue, veiled in pearl net; Miss Sullivan, in white, with overdress of white touched with gold; Miss Melvin-Jones, in a beautiful pale green satin Empire gown, and overdress of guaze, diamonded with sequins; Miss Ethel Matthews, a very dainty yellow princess gown; Miss Burnham, of Port Hope, wore an Empire gown of white sequined guaze over buttercup silk; Miss Jarvis wore white satin; Miss Margaret Thompson, of Aberdeen, a white flounced and brocaded silk; Miss Plummer, white satin, touched with green; Miss Catto wore pale blue; Miss Madge Davidson was in white, as were also Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Miss Ruth Fuller, Miss Clo. McArthur, Miss Annie Michie, and her sister, Miss Effie Michie, Miss Birdie Warren, Miss Beatrice Pearson, and Miss Helen Armstrong, whose gown was daintily touched with black.

On Tuesday next, Mrs. McKinnon, of 410 Sherbourne street, will be at home from 4:30 to 7 o'clock. Cards were sent for this reception on Tuesday.

Some one wishes to know "when" is the proper time to give a lady an engagement ring. By all means wait until she has accepted you. After that, any time, the sooner the

better. Buy it at once, and present it next time you call, unless you care to run the risk of having the lady select it herself. She may run you in debt beyond your resources. Yes, with the average woman an engagement ring is expected. It may be a simple thing, of pearl or turquoise, or both. It may cost five hundred, and be of imperial diamonds. You may design one yourself, in gold, with a motto running round it. "Endless as this ring my love for thee," for instance. Of course it isn't "really necessary," unless the girl wants the ring, but most girls do, and a man risks the suspicion of meanness or carelessness if he doesn't present one. Get just what you can well afford.

The Misses Cartt have sent out cards for an afternoon tea next Tuesday at their residence, 263 Jarvis street.

On Saturday His Excellency enjoyed a run with the hounds, which, I am told, he said was the best he had had in these regions. The meet was quite a smart one, some twenty-five riders being in pink, and several ladies being mounted, following. Lord Minto's fame as a cross-country rider is a tradition, and His Excellency and Cockatoo got on famously.

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The Unique Adjustable Mirror

It can be raised to any height
Tilted to any angle
Turned from side to side.

LADIES having used it say it is indispensable in the dressing room.

GENTLEMEN find it a boon in shaving.

Finished in

Enamel, Brass, Oxidized Copper and Oxidized Silver,
with Antique, Oak, and Mahogany Tables.

Best British Bevelled Plate Glass.

A most desirable XMAS PRESENT, being new, useful and ornamental.

NOAH L. PIPER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS,

314 FRONT ST. WEST, - TORONTO

Nephrolepis Exaltata Bostoniensis

BOSTON FERN

Our large Conservatory attached to the store will be filled with Boston Ferns, Cyclamen (in full bloom), Azaleas. A limited stock of the new Begonia,

"Gloire De Lorraine"

Palms, Rubber Plants, etc., at reasonable and varied prices. Call and see our stock and select what you would like us to keep for you until Christmas. We will as usual have all kinds of Cut Roses and other Flowers, which as well as plants, can be safely shipped to any part of the country.

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**PIANO
BUYING**

Good judgment possesses a relative value. If you make a mistake in buying the proverbial penny whistle it is not a very serious matter. It is only a penny after all. But when one proposes to buy a piano the investment runs into good dollars—even for an ordinary instrument.

When you buy an instrument bearing the name and guarantee of this old established firm you get one that pleases at the outset and becomes a better friend year by year. You may pay a few dollars more for one of our instruments than for pianos that are made up for the trade to sell—but the value is there.

The Heintzman & Co. piano is a distinctive instrument in tone, brilliancy, singing quality, power and artistic construction.

Ye Old Firm of
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115-117 King St. West, Toronto

K O C T S O O D W \$200 IN GOLD,
M A S O H T S ...FREE...

We will give the above reward to any person who will correctly arrange the above letters to spell the names of three small Canadian cities. Each line represents one name. Try it. We will positively give the money away, and you may be the fortunate person. Should there be more than one set of correct answers, the money will be divided equally. For instance, should five persons send in correct answers, each will receive \$40.00; should ten persons send in correct answers, each will receive \$20.00; twenty persons, \$10.00 each. We do this to introduce our firm and goods we handle as quickly as possible. SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ANSWER. This is a FREE contest. A postcard will do. Address

N.Y. SUPPLY CO., BOX O., ORILLIA, CAN.

HIS FAVORITE INSTRUMENT THAT
HE ALWAYS CHOOSES FOR THOSE
OF CULTIVATED TASTES IS A :

Nordheimer Piano

These superior and high grade pianos are particularly adapted for Christmas gifts, as they are the gems of the piano makers' art in rich and melodious tone and mechanical perfection. For wife, sister or mother they are a royal gift, and you can buy one on easy terms.

The NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO., Limited

15 King Street East, Toronto

Social and Personal.

A most delightful dance was given by Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McConnell of Milton last Friday evening, when they entertained some seventy of their friends, the occasion being the eleventh anniversary of their marriage. The house was beautifully decorated with palms and cut flowers, which, together with the pretty gowns of the young ladies, presented a gay scene. Dancing began early in the evening, and was kept up with enthusiasm until a late hour. Among the guests from a distance were Misses Robertson, Macintosh, Yellowlees, and Messrs. Alexander Robertson, J. E. Robertson, D. Bowman, T. H. Hilliar, W. D. N. Moore, Charles Frazer, Toronto; Miss Pringle Guelph, Miss Smith, Hawkesbury; Mr. Jarvis Dewar, Revelstoke, B.C.

The many friends of Mrs. Catherine Collins, widow of the late Martin James Collins of Cloverport, Muskoka, and Toronto, will be grieved to hear of her sudden death from heart failure on the 29th ult., at her late residence in Sunnach street. The deceased was a native of Middlesex, England, and came to this country in 1879. Her happy and kindly disposition endeared her to a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who sympathise deeply with the family in their bereavement.

Mrs. G. L. Whiton will hold her annual exhibition of her own and pupils' work in decorated china at her studio, 125 Hazelton avenue on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 10, 11 and 12, from 1 to 10 p.m.

Mrs. Frank M. Purdy (nee Watt) will hold her post-nuptial receptions at 2 Bellevue avenue on Tuesday and Wednesday, 11th and 12th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Douglass have returned to their home, 220 Wellesley street. Mrs. Douglass will be glad to see her friends on the first and third Tuesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan have removed from Hamilton to Toronto, and taken apartments at the Arlington. Mrs. Morgan (formerly Blossom Kingsmill) will receive on Tuesdays.

Among the visiting guests at St. Andrew's ball was Colonel Montizambert of Kingston, who was visiting Major and Mrs. Myles, Queen's Park. Mr. and the Misses Gibbons, who had been down at the Horse Show, were expected at the ball, but I did not see them there. Miss Jones of Paris was a pretty guest; so were the Misses Gibson of Beamsville. Miss Mary McKellar was a handsome debutante in white. Miss Joan Arnaldi looked very well also in her coming-out gown. Mrs. Fraser, wife of the secretary of the O. J. C., was in a pretty white silk gown, with a dear old-fashioned round nosegay of deep red and pink carnations, which was quite fetching. Mrs. Donald Mann and her bright sister, Miss Williams, have been welcome guests at the large functions of the week. Mrs. Mann receives on Fridays in her pretty new home in St. George street, and is going to be one of the most popular hostesses in that smart region. Mrs. Mackay of Dunonald, in a perfect gown of black satin, softly trimmed with white, was a guest at St. Andrew's ball. Mrs. R. A. Harrison and Miss Harrison, a fine-looking mother and daughter, were also among the gay company. Mrs. Totten looked very well in a handsome black gown.

The excellence of some of the essences and perfumes distilled by the John Taylor Company has led to their being used by many smart persons in place of the more expensive imported perfumes. Roger & Gallet's scent is one of the most delicate and modish perfumes sold, but quite a number of persons who affect perfume are finding Taylor's "valley violet" a good substitute, and speak well of its fresh and true odor of good violets.

The Varsity Rugby dance and the St. Andrew's ball in Hamilton have been the big events of their kind at the end of this week. Quite a number of citizens went up to the Hamilton dance last night.

Two weddings will occupy society next week. On Monday Miss Crombie and Mr. Parker will be married, and on Wednesday Miss Hees and Mr. Sullivan will follow their good example. Several luncheons, teas and dinners are being given for the brides-elect, among whom must be included Miss Mackay of Dundonald, in whose honor several dinners are on the tapis. The bridesmaids to be Miss Sullivan, Miss Nora Sullivan, Miss Marie Pope of Boston, Miss Hope-Sewell of Quebec, and Miss Amy Laird, all of whom, I fancy, are brunettes, and will vastly become their chosen colors. Mr. Alfred Whitehead, a special friend of Mr. Sullivan is to be best man. A number of friends from a distance are to come to Toronto for this happy occasion.

A Christmas sale and supper on December 11 at the Unitarian Church, and a concert at 172 Spadina avenue on next Monday evening, to supply good cheer to the poorer patients in the Western Hospital are two worthy affairs, of which I have not space to speak fully.

Mrs. G. W. Yarker, whose "sweet turn at verse" is known to my readers is bringing out a most charming Xmas booklet of poems, mainly patriotic, and which will be published next week, in time for mailing abroad. Miss Maude Yarker has designed a suitable cover for the booklet, with crossed flags, Imperial and Dominion, united by a wreath of maple leaves. This should be very effective on the white cover. Mrs. Yarker's friends will prize this collection of her poems, and welcome an addition of a special one on the return of the Canadians from the war, which I am told has not yet been published.

For years past St. Andrew's ball programme has always set aside two or three numbers for the reel of Tulloch, the schottische and the Scotch.



A true odor of fresh violets.

**Palms, Holly, Mistletoe
AND OTHER XMAS Decorations**

HOLLY, with nice green leaves and plenty of red berries, by mail postpaid, per lb. 25c.; 5 lbs. for \$1.00.
MISTLETOE, best English, in boxes, 30c. and 50c., postpaid.
BOUTIQUE GREEN WREATHING, 25 yards for \$1.00; 50 yards for \$1.50; by express at purchasers expense.
PAMPAS PLUMES, 4 for 50c., postpaid.

**WHAT IS NICER FOR A XMAS PRESENT
THAN A FINE PALM?**

Palm, Kentia Belmoreana, 12 to 15 inches high	\$1.00
" " 18 to 20 "	1.40
" " 20 to 25 "	3.00
" " 25 to 30 "	3.50
" " 30 to 35 "	2.25
" " 35 to 40 "	2.50
" " 36 to 45 "	2.50

By express at purchasers expense.



KENTIA BELMOREANA

The STEEL BRIGGS SEED CO.
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Limited

**Smoking Jackets
AND
Dressing Gowns**

A large variety of . . . latest English makes.

Jackets - - 3.00 to 12.00
Gowns - - 5.00 to 20.00

Tailor made.

Dressy patterns.

Jeffery & Purvis

91 King Street West.

THE
Arlington
TORONTO'S
FAVORITE
SOCIETY
HOTEL



This well-known and attractive hotel is now under new and liberal management. It has lately undergone extensive and costly improvements, making it the most comfortable and homelike hotel in the city. The proprietors and managers will be given to parties desiring a pleasant and comfortable home for the winter.

With its spacious rooms, corridors, open fireplaces, large reading and reception rooms, electric light, porcelain baths, private dining rooms, thus making it the model of home-like hotels.

The cuisine is a special feature. Special attention will be given to private dinners and receptions. Write for full particulars to

F. D. MACKENZIE, C. A. WARD, Proprietor.

KNOW THYSELF—The scientific interpretation of the palm, rendered by MADAME LIVINSKI

9 a.m. to 9 p.m. 391 Church St. Fee, 50¢.



PURE LINEN DAMASKS

Made from finest flax grown grass bleached. At present, some extra values, as follows:

Table Cloths

2 by 2½ yds., \$2.00, \$2.25.
2 by 3 " \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50.
2 by 3 " \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50.

Table Napkins

1 by 1 yd., \$1.80, \$2.50 per doz.
24-inches... \$2.75, \$3.50
1 by 1 yd., \$3.00, \$3.50 "

For the thrifty housekeeper these are special chances.

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post-Office.
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EXSHAW'S, MARTELL, HENNESSY
::: AND :::

COOKING BRANDIES

GEO. W. COOLEY
567 Yonge Street



HOF-BRAU
(Liquid Extract of Malt)
The Health Builder
Makes Flesh and Blood
Makes Strong the Weak

The only Malt Extract on the market prepared in a similar manner to the world-famed

HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT
Manufactured in Co-
lone, Germany, where
Mr. L. Reinhardt gradu-
ated in 1870.

2 FOR 25¢.

FOR SALE BY
All Druggists

ASSEMBLY HALL AND SUPPER ROOM

Confederation Life Building

Highly adapted for Public and Private Assemblies, At Homes, Banquets, Bazaars, Concerts, etc. Perfect floor for dancing. Complete system of ventilation. Furnished dressing and retiring-rooms.

For full particulars apply to—
A. M. CAMPBELL,
Telephone 2351. 12 Richmond St. East.

CHRISTMAS CAKES

Of finest quality, covered with Almond Icing and handsomely decorated. Shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion.

Five Pounds and Upwards
40 cents per Pound.

Our Catalogue tells about a great many other good things to eat. It is mailed free to those who mention this paper.

The Harry Webb Co.
LIMITED
447 YONGE ST., TORONTO

THE Teas, Luncheons and Receptions served by Geo. S. McConkey, 27 and 29 King St. West, are in the daintiest form and are perfections of the Caterer's art.

CHOICE
Christmas Cards and Calendars
Dainty Boxes of Note Paper and
Envelopes in Newest Tints
Xmas Books and Booklets

MISS E. PORTER,
Ladies' Work Depository
STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
43 and 45 King Street West
TORONTO

Social and Personal.

Mrs. C. S. Boone of East Bloor street was the hostess of a large and successful matinee eucharis on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Boone was assisted in receiving by her sister, Mrs. George W. Erb of Winnipeg. The spacious and handsome drawing-rooms were profusely decorated with huge chrysanthemums. Two charming young ladies, Misses Olive Bilton and Edna Meredith, assisted gracefully and adeptly in marking for the favors, which were of handsomely decorated China, and carried off by Mrs. William Britton, Miss Wheeler and Mrs. Sparling. Among those present were Mrs. S. B. Gundy, Mrs. Arthur Meredith, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Miss Kata Ross, Mrs. George R. Gray, Mrs. Charles Reid, Miss Reid, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Miss Capon, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. H. M. Ludwig, Mrs. Howard Chandler, Miss Pugley, Mrs. Charles Ritchie, Mrs. Fletcher Snider, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. R. S. Williams, Jr., Mrs. J. P. Langley, Miss Ida Boone, Mrs. Gray, Miss Merrick, Mrs. Dunnott, Mrs. Todhunter, Mrs. Snellgrove.

Captain and Mrs. Cartwright arrived from England last month. Mrs. Cartwright (nee Stevenson) and her husband have been visiting Dr. Stevenson, in Bloor street. Mrs. Cartwright received last Monday, and was welcomed by many old friends who have missed her since she went to England as a bride last year.

Mr. and Mrs. George Reid have plenty of callers on Saturdays at their beautiful new home studio in the Indian road. One does not know how to sufficiently admire the noble studio, with its inge nook and wide fireplace. Its fine north windows and, all about, trifles precious and artistic. Mr. Reid's oaken piano, satiny-black, the lovely glass showing so finely, and panels painted-beautifully, let in at either end and in front. A gallery runs across the studio opposite the windows, from which little doors open into sanctums unexplored by the casual visitor. The wee salle-a-manger, with its quaint oaken table and chairs, its blue jar and yellow 'mums, is just as artistic as heart could desire. And over all broods that sweet little artist, Mrs. Reid, pouring tea in quaint handless cups, chatting in her earnest, merry, delightful manner, and exchanging funny stories and jokes with unfailing brightness. Mr. and Mrs. Reid have never been quite so nice to know as they are now, though until one meets them in the new home, improvement wasn't deemed possible by their admiring friends.

Mrs. Charles Fuller has sold her house in Dunbar road, and has gone to live for the winter at 189 Bloor street east, where she will receive with her young people on Mondays as usual. Mr. and Mrs. Robin have purchased Mrs. Fuller's house, and will be an acquisition to Rosedale. Later on Mrs. Fuller will build in Rosedale.

The engagement of Dr. J. P. Frank Williams and Miss Mary Belle Galbraith, daughter of Dr. Galbraith of Livingstone place, Dresden, Ontario, is announced.

The Governor-General and the Countess of Minto, with Captain Bell and Captain Graham, aides in attendance, left for Ottawa on Saturday evening. At four o'clock on Saturday Lady Minto paid a visit to the Woman's Art Association rooms, in Confederation Life Building, and was received by Mrs. Dignam and the members of the Association. Lady Minto was accompanied by her hostess, Miss Mowat.

On Thursday evening the president of the Caithness Association and Mrs. Rose gave a reception at "Bucholli," 50 Avenue road, to which friends were invited for eight o'clock.

Friends have been glad to welcome Mrs. Acton Burrows back to gay doings and to hear that she has recovered from an accident which kept her a prisoner for many weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Burrows were guests at Mrs. Lister's big reception and also at Llawhaden on Saturday.

Mrs. Curry of North street gave an afternoon tea yesterday. Mr. Morgan of "The Elms," Beverley street, has been entertaining Rev. G. L. Starr of Kingston.

Last Saturday afternoon the marriage of Mr. Robert G. Kennedy of Philadelphia and Miss Maud Hillary, daughter of the late Dr. Hillary and niece of Miss Nora Hillary, took place at "The Pines." Miss Edith Hillary was bridesmaid, and Mr. J. Little of Philadelphia was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy are spending their honeymoon in the Eastern cities, and will reside in Philadelphia.

The death of Senator MacInnes of Hamilton sends much sympathy from many Toronto friends to his family, and particularly to those members resident in this city. Mrs. A. H. Campbell of Carbrooke, and Mr. Charles MacInnes.

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To take a look at them? The earlier you buy the greater the selection to choose from.

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Ladies House Slippers in felt with leather or flexible felt soles at 95c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50. The \$1.50 ones are satin lined.

A Game of Bluff

The Experience of a Canadian Lawyer.

By H. G. T.

I WAS admitted to practice shortly before the time of this story, and I opened an office in a town on the south shore of the Georgian Bay, and there, with more or less anxiety, awaited the favors of fortune.

About noon on Thursday, the 13th of November, 1890, a well-dressed stranger called and asked if I could go on one of the upper lake steamers that night to Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island, to attend to some legal matters for him, to be absent a week. At this time I might have left my office for a month or altogether without inconveniencing anyone, nevertheless I hesitated and stipulated for his wife for having committed perjury in a suit in a magistrate's court, where her husband had been charged with assault.

Some of the residents had learned that the Burrs were possessed of a large sum of money, their history being known through the presence of a detective, who had vainly endeavored to effect a compromise for the creditors. A watch had been set on the house for some weeks, and finally the warrants spoken of were issued and acted upon that the Burrs precipitately left the town, which was the "Pacific," which would return on Sunday afternoon. It was now Saturday morning, and I felt slightly apprehensive of my ability to get the hidden securities before dark, and I then failed I could not hope to get them on Sunday, and in that event I would be the occupant of the premises.

Mrs. Burr, real estate and financial agent, Gore Bay, Ont., was bid to take the steamship "Pacific" of the White Line, sailing at 10:30 that night, that my ticket and berth would be arranged for and that I would be made acquainted with the nature of my destination while on the way to my destination, some 200 miles distant.

I packed my satchel and went to the steamship about ten o'clock that night. At the steward's office, on enquiring for Mr. Burr, I was told that my passage had been booked and the person whom I wished to see was aboard.

As the boat was leaving the wharf, I went in search of my client. On passing through the saloon on the way to the smoking-room, I was accosted by a little woman who introduced herself as Mrs. Burr, stating that her husband had been unable to take the trip to Gore Bay and that she had come in his stead. We conversed for a few minutes, during which I asked the nature of the business, and I felt anything but satisfied with the answer, which was that as it was late, I would be given particulars in the morning.

Charlie Tymon, the steward, was one of those active, fat men who are ever in quest of a joke, and later in the evening, as I entered his office, he made me the subject of much merriment, twitting me with travelling with American boulders, grass widows, etc. I passed his good-natured remarks off as best I could until the other passengers had retired, and then asked for an explanation.

He replied, "You surely don't mean to say that you are travelling with Mrs. Burr without knowing who she is?"

I said, "Yes, even so. I never saw the woman until I came aboard." I then related shortly the circumstances of my engagement and learned from him all he knew of the woman and her husband.

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Not that anything was to be got from my pocket, but my father was wealthy and he might be hurt through me. I told Tymon my suspicions, but he took a different view of the matter.

It seemed that the woman and her husband had come from the Eastern States some two years before. Their real name had been changed and their former place of residence had been mis-stated, but detectives had been on their trail, and now their whole history, as well as the nature of the crime they had committed, was well known to the residents of Gore Bay and the steamboat people trading there. I concluded to have an interview with the woman in the morning, and determined, if her object were blackmail, to give her no opportunity to carry out her designs.

The morning broke cold and stormy, and upon enquiry of the lady's maid, I learned that Mrs. Burr was confined to her room with sea-sickness.

As the day wore on we reached the north shore, and after calling at Killarney, I met Mrs. Burr on the promenade deck. I at once broached the subject of my services and intimated that I had some reason to believe that I was the intended victim of a plot, but had no sooner spoken than I felt regret at having made the statement. The woman's manner satisfied me that she had no personal interest in me beyond what was proper. She gave me a short history of her life and detailed the following particulars of the circumstances which led to her present position.

She was the daughter of a medical doctor at S., N. Y., and some years previously had married a young man of good family, then engaged in an extensive mercantile business in a neighboring city. In 1888 her husband had opened a branch store in a large town. When starting the branch store, the woman had been induced to witness a declaration of partnership to which was forged the signature of her husband's father, who was exceedingly wealthy and of good repute.

A few months after, by means of his now almost unlimited credit, the husband had obtained large quantities of goods upon which he realized by slaughter sale, and with the proceeds, some \$50,000, the two made their escape to Canada, since which time they had lived at Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island.

It is almost invariably the case that a person seeking to hide his identity under an alias leaves some easily-found trace of his real self, and in this case the husband had adopted his wife's maiden name. Although living in one of the most out-of-the-way places in Canada, yet by this means he was easily traced. The crime he had committed was not extraditable.

A large part of the fraudulently-obtained money had been invested through the husband's brother in Knoxville, Tenn., during a land boom and there lost; of the balance, \$18,000 in United States Government securities was placed in three tins, hidden

between the sheeting of a stable in Gore Bay, and this I was asked to recover.

It appeared that Burr had continued his career of crime in his new home, and that at the time spoken of there were three warrants in the hands of the constables for the arrest of him and his wife. Two against him for criminal libel in having written an untrue report to a mercantile agency describing two of the most substantial firms in Gore Bay as insolvent, when they were in no financial difficulty whatever, and the third against his wife for having committed perjury in a suit in a magistrate's court, wherein her husband had been charged with assault.

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200 SORTS TO CHOOSE FROM
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making a course outside of Claperton Island. This made the distance from Gore Bay to Kagawong, the next port of call, eighteen miles instead of twelve, as by the inside route. As the distance overland from Gore Bay to Kagawong was but eight miles, I surmised that our troubles might not be ended yet, and such proved to be the case, for as we touched the wharf at Kagawong a buggy, with two occupants, came dashing down the hill, and I saw the two constables from Gore Bay. The "Carmons" did not lie more than ten minutes at the wharf, during which time I kept in the shadow of the wheel-house. As soon as the boat moved out I came from my hiding-place, and was told by the cabin watchman that a constable was on board with a warrant for my arrest. As a lawyer, I knew that a warrant could only be executed in the county or judicial district in which it issued, and that once out of these bounds it became necessary to have it endorsed by a justice of the peace for the county or judicial district in which it was to be executed. I retired to my stateroom, and remained there until we left the wharf at Manitowaning, another port lower down. Knowing then that we were outside the bounds of the judicial district of Manitoulin, I emerged, and met the constable, who came towards me, taking a blue paper from his pocket. Anticipating him, I said I knew that what he had in his hand was a warrant for my arrest, but that it was worthless, as we were now in a different district. I further warned him that if he attempted to arrest me before the warrant was endorsed, I would defend myself with such means as I might deem necessary. He evidently thought me serious, admitted that I was right, and gave me no more trouble on the journey.

We had a pleasant uneventful run across the Georgian Bay, and about ten o'clock at night saw the glare of the lights of Owen Sound, and about midnight sailed up the river to the steamer's wharf. Once here, the Burrs' were soon placed out of reach of the officers of the law.

In the morning, I found that the police magistrate had refused to endorse the warrant against me, on the ground that it was improperly drawn, having on its face been granted without the formality of an information, no doubt owing to lack of time when issued; nor did it state that the magistrate had personally witnessed the cause of complaint. The warrants against Mrs. and Mr. Burr had been endorsed.

I interviewed the constable, and told him that he might remain in Owen Sound for a year and a day, but he would never execute his warrants, as the Burrs were safely hidden, and would remain so. After a few days he left by train for the north shore, to catch a fishing tug for home, and that was the last I ever heard of him and his warrants.

In conclusion, let me say, for fear any should charge me with divulging professional secrets in the above narrative, that while I have given dates, places, and some of the surnames accurately, I have, like the Burrs, resorted to an alias, and that in the case of their name.

As We Would Say It Nowadays.

The "Outlook" is responsible for these modern versions of well-known old saws:

The steed presented by a trusty friend will give thee joy and pleasure without end.

But, please, remember what the ancients say,

"Ope not his mouth his molars to survey."

The lips expectant bow them to the brink,
To taste, with joy, the goblet's cooling drink;

But halting fingers fail to grasp the bowl,

And disappoint for aye the thirsty soul.

Prolonged indeed would be the thoroughfare when explored in whatsoe'er direction.

Still would deny to plodding pioneer A dexter or a sinister deflection.

The wandering boulder, if perchance aroused by force propulsive from its native sloth—

How rarely is it, when again at rest, Richly bedight with vegetable growth.

Would You?

If you were a breeze and I a bluebell Upon some lone and silent shore, Would you know me while in the dewy dell?

Grew a myriad bluebells more?

—M. L. THOMAS.

Did Not Cure.

But Greatly Helped by Change of Food.
A lady in Harrisburg, O., is frank enough to say that while she has been helped, she was not entirely cured in the change of food and taking up Grape-Nuts. She says she began eating rich and highly-seasoned food when she was young, and followed it, until she set up a bad stomach trouble, with severe attacks of nervous sick headache.

Finally rheumatism of the joints set in, and now some of her joints are dislocated by the heavy deposits forming about them and pushing them out of place, so that she is almost helpless. Her nervous system was wrecked, and the optic nerve affected so that she could not read without bringing on nervous prostration and insomnia that would last two or three nights.

"Last fall I heard of, and commenced the use of, Grape-Nuts as a food. It has since been both food and medicine to me, for I have taken very little medicine since I began to use it. After 10 months I find great improvement in my brain and nerve power, am no longer troubled with sleeplessness, I suffer very much less with my rheumatism, and can read several hours a day, one day after the other, and sleep well all night.

"I am by no means entirely cured of rheumatism, but I have been made so much better by the use of Grape-Nuts food that I am sincerely thankful for it." This name will be furnished by the Postum Cereal Company (Limited), Battle Creek, Mich.

Curious Bits of News.

Australia and California have each averaged a production of £9,000,000 worth of gold a year, and the maximum production £15,000,000—has also been the same. Each country also has almost exactly the same number of mines.

Greenland has the newspaper published nearest to the North Pole, the organ of the little Danish town of Godthaab. The editor of this sheet is also printer and distributor, besides being reporter and advertising agent. Twice a month he makes a journey of over a hundred miles, on snow-shoes, to dispose of his journal.

Four young women students of the University of Chicago will become hair-dressers to their more wealthy sister students. They intend in a very short time to open tonsorial parlors on the attic floor of one of the women's halls, and they plan to find a clientele among their girl acquaintances sufficiently extended to pay all the costs of their education. There are nearly one hundred girls in the university who pay all of their own expenses, or most of them.

Not long ago, at church parade in Hyde Park, London, a very pretty woman dropped an ivory and gold prayer-book. Before it could be picked up a passer-by had trodden upon it. With a passer-by had trodden upon it. With an exclamation of regret, he bent down and discovered a gentle stream of excellent old brandy flowing from between the deceptive covers. He looked up. The lady had vanished. These little volumes are now, asserts the "Onlooker," usually called books of uncommon prayer.

The sheep as a source of our food supply is beginning to find a rival in the rabbit, particularly the Australian animal. In two years the supply has more than doubled; and down to the end of October the imports into Great Britain this year reached the large bulk of 16,085 tons of dead rabbits. This great weight of dead rabbits is equivalent to about 600,000 New Zealand sheep, and to even a larger number of Australian.

The statement has frequently been made that it is possible to cause grains of wheat found in ancient Egyptian sepulchres to germinate and grow. This statement has been disputed, and the question was discussed at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences. It was shown that while the albumen of wheat in a tomb 6,000 years old had undergone no alteration, the embryo was changed, and could not be caused to germinate. But a fresh embryo placed in the ancient albumen would grow, and this fact, it was said, probably accounted for the statement that the old Egyptian wheat rescued from its long entombment would sprout and grow.

The recently patented "phonographic enunciator" for street cars is a new device to relieve the overworked conductor of the trouble of shouting the names of streets, while giving passengers a better chance to understand when they have arrived at their destinations. As a matter of course, the "enunciator" will be very plain of speech, so that nobody need be in doubt as to what it says. It is a phonograph instrument of peculiar pattern, and is intended to be placed above the door at the forward end of the car. The record cylinder which it contains has inscribed on it a series of the names of the streets to be crossed on the route. On approaching a crossing the conductor presses a button, and the apparatus yells: "Spadina avenue!" "Belt Line!" or something equally enlightening.

The most expensive book ever published in the world is the official history of the War of the Rebellion, issued by the Government of the United States. Up to date it has cost \$2,434,328, of which amount \$1,184,391 has been paid for printing and binding, and the remainder for salaries, rent, stationery, and other incidental expenses, including the purchase of private records of individuals. It will require at least three years longer to complete the work, and an additional appropriation, which will in all likelihood bring the total cost up to \$3,000,000. There will be one hundred and twelve volumes, including Index, and an atlas which contains one hun-

dred and seventy-eight plates and maps illustrating the important routes of march, plans of forts, and photographs of interesting scenes. The material used in composing this history is taken from both Union and Confederate archives, and as the writers represent both sides of the struggle it may be regarded as impartial.

Degrees.

Hate scowled beside a foeman's gate;
Lo, men passed out with heavy tread;
The world is dark and lowly state;
His foe bore sombre state; Hate!

It is Death's hand that beckoneth;
A world is dark to death;
My son shall kiss me ere I die!"
His kisses knew her life's last breath;

O, Love was stronger than Death!

—Richard Scare.

Many Fail to Collect.



Soker—The world owes us all a living.

Broker—It ought to be declared insolvent.

The French View.

AT solving sex problems the French cannot be beaten. Their views may be varied, and their morale moss-covered, and they may be denounced as degenerated beyond redemption, but when social problems involving the relationship of the sexes confront them, they may be depended upon to handle them with dexterity. They have lately turned their attention to the growing popularity of celibacy, and have undertaken to stimulate a fondness for the marital state. This is a matter which all sociologists have acknowledged to be of great importance, but it remained for a French statesman to suggest intelligent solution of the problem. Heretofore, when the bachelor came up for excoriation as a useless member of society, it was customary to assume that all the blame rested on the masculine head. It has been a popular fiction, promoted by masculine conceit, that the multiplication of the bachelor was due entirely to his disinclination to abandon the comforts of his single condition, and his reluctance to fly to the evils he knew not of. All the explanations of sociologists have been based upon the purely masculine theory that proud man was alone responsible for the infrequency of matrimony. And yet, bachelor girls have been organizing clubs to discourage the plural state. True those clubs are eventually wrecked by the drifting of members into the arms of mate-seeking men, but the circumstances of even the temporary existence of such club points to the fact that the bachelor woman is particeps criminis. And the Frenchmen have decided to take that view of the matter. A bill introduced in the Senate provides for the imposition of a tax on celibates of both sexes who have

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on these damp dreary days

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reached the age of thirty. This shows a disposition to consider both sexes equally at fault. And with the enactment of such a law it shall become necessary for the bachelor or spinster who desires to avoid that tax to show that either he or she exercised due diligence in the search for a spouse. If the tax is made sufficiently heavy to be regarded as burdensome, celibacy in France will soon be ranked as one of the high-priced luxuries.

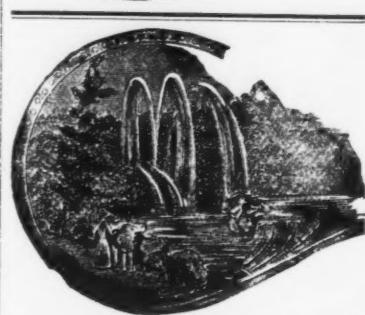
About Doubles.

F. AUSTIN, who conducts the "Note Book" in the "Illustrated London News," writes: How many of us have been kindly endowed by our friends with "doubles"? So far, my "double" has made only a single appearance—at one end of a room when I happened to be at the other. This does not seem to be significant of much; indeed, it might be regarded as a useless manifestation. The really active "double" I take it, goes on duty when the original body is occupied elsewhere. There is the case of the midshipman who appeared to one of his sisters late at night, with water streaming from his clothes. "What on earth are you doing here?" she asked, having excellent reason to believe that he was with his ship hundreds of miles away. "Don't tell anybody you have seen me," said he, and vanished. Three months later, the midshipman came home, well and hearty. When he heard of this incident, he explained that at that very moment he had been saved from drowning. Absent from his ship without leave, he was returning secretly, when the boat capsized, and as soon as he regained consciousness he said to the tars who had rescued him: "Don't tell anybody you have seen me." A very natural remark in such circumstances; but why should his "double" repeat it in the kitchen at home and scare his sister?

A lady described to me recently how she had seen the "double" of her sister-in-law. Quite early one evening the sister-in-law, who had gone to a party, was observed on the stairs going towards the room where her child was sleeping in care of the nurse. My friend called out, "Are you back already?" but received no answer. A few minutes later, wondering that the sister-in-law had not joined the rest of the family, she saw the nurse, who said her mistress had come into the room, looked attentively at the child, and then retired without a word. This seemed odd, but it was supposed that she had paid a flying visit to see the child, who was not very well, and had then gone back to the party. When she came home, however, she denied all knowledge of this visit. It had been made by the "double." Is this, after all, a case of telepathy? Could the mother's anxiety for her child communicate itself so forcibly to people at a distance that they thought they saw her where she certainly was not? Did the midshipman, just snatched from death, think so vividly of his sister as to reproduce his condition in her mental vision?



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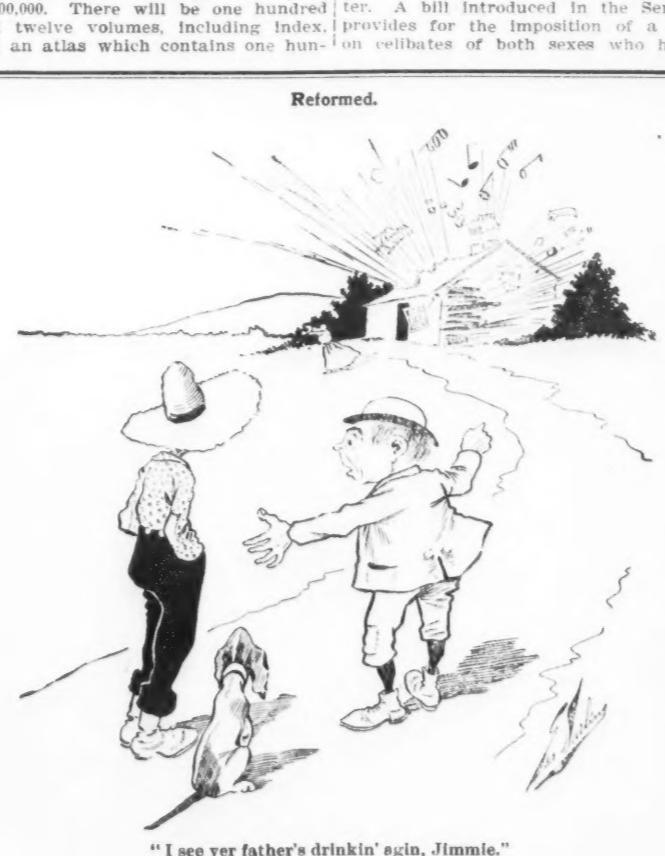
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"I see yer father's drinkin' a gin, Jimmie."
"Naw; he's stopped."
"And phwat's all the noise, then?"
"He's soberin' up."

Another reason why Carling's Ale is the best, is that every bottle is properly matured—not artificially but by age alone—before it is put on the market.

CARLING-LONDON.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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ONE of Sardou's morbid tragedies satisfies the normal palate for a long time. There is nothing wholesome in Theodora, and it is certainly not Sardou's masterpiece. Its construction is loose, and the motives of its characters are not always clear. It does not compare in dramatic intensity and force with La Tosca, for example. The translation used here this week by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune is inferior from a literary point of view. Much of its language smacks of the modern rather than of the mediaeval world. It is certainly not Buchanan's version as used in London. In the latter, Theodora takes the remainder of the poisonous philter by which she has unintentionally slain her former lover, Andreas. In the version presented here, the Emperor's executioners come with their axes to lead her to the death chamber, while she is in the first paroxysm of despair at having killed Andreas. The horse-racing scene was an interesting spectacle, but as unconvincing as all stage horse-races. It has been seen here before in The County Fair. Mrs. Brune is the cleverest woman, by long odds, in her company. She was especially good in the splendor and dignity of her imperial state in the first and fifth acts. In these parts she bore herself as an empress might. Where she was required to express intense emotion, as of passion or despair, she rather failed to be convincing—except once, at the very conclusion of the play. She was excellent in her badinage of the Emperor in the third act, but in the other lighter passages, as Myrta, she failed to illusionize her audience, owing, doubtless, to her lack of the typical physique of the wanton. However, it must be remembered that the character of Theodora covers a wide range of emotion, to express all of which satisfactorily would require an actress of sublime genius. The play was magnificently staged.

The cleverest thing at Shea's this week was Johnson and Dean's "kinetoscope rag-time dance." This is a novelty, and a decidedly good one. It is given against a black curtain under a shimmering limelight, and produces the same effect as the kinetoscope in a remarkable and ludicrous manner. Lockhart's "three graces" (performing elephants), were another interesting novelty, while amongst the more ordinary features of the bill, the sketch, Her Friend from Texas, by Francesca Redding and company, was diverting and altogether capital.

Little Lord Fauntleroy, that story of perennial charm, was given at the Princess to delighted audiences this week. Indeed, the Valentines have not made a greater hit since coming here. Miss Anne Blancke took the title role, and impersonated the character in a delightfully natural manner, her temperament and physique combining to fit her admirably for the part. The Valentines' next offering will be The Two Orphans.

The "Broadway" thinks that Reuben Fax, the Canadian actor, will probably get up a petition, signed by himself and his valet, asking theatrical managers hereafter to leave his name off their programmes. Mr. Fax, though an excellent actor and a good fellow, has been wandering through life burdened with a name that everybody insists on misspelling. Even Mr. Fax's newspaper friends, after getting their copy by the lynx eyes of the city editor, have seen it appear the next morning but apparently boomerang a man named Fox. Mr. Fax is well-nigh discouraged. His is an honest name. It has been in his possession for many years, and the edges are not at all frayed. And yet he can't get anybody to spell his name correctly on a programme, in a newspaper, or in correspondence. All of which is sad, if not exciting.

Alberta Gallatin, who appeared here in Sapho last year, likes the role of the scarlet woman. She is now preparing for a tour in Nell Gwynne.

Mr. and Mrs. Daventry, the exceedingly objectionable pair in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been appearing in London, and which I have previously spoken of in this column, is now admitted to have been written originally by the late Oscar Wilde. It is gratifying to know that the unsavory decoction is taking its leave of the Royalty Theater, Soho, owing to lack of patronage. Apropos of this drama, Clement Scott has coined a new phrase, "the drama of the dust-bin."

Sarah Bernhardt, who is now turning the heads of New Yorkers, is noted for her indomitable spirit, which was well expressed in words she answered the other day to an English friend who came to take leave of her, and remarked he had not seen her for a hundred years: "What is a hundred years to you or me?" And so in truth, it seems, years are nothing to her. This wonderful woman, who for more than two hundred nights acted without intermission one of the heaviest parts any actor ever assumed, nothing daunted, apparently renewing her strength in some mysterious fountain, has come to America to enter on fresh labors appalling to the ordinary mind.

Yet she is variously received by the critics. One says: "She comes, not as an artist, but as an advertisement; not as an actress, but as an aggregation—a something made up of a famed name, polyglot press agents, gasconading secretaries, Circassian maids, tame tigers, bearskins, bull puppets, a museum of curios, animate and inanimate, with Rosstand's lustrious L'Aiglon for her chief act and the accomplished Coquelin as the side-show feature." Another critic remarks:

"It is safe to say that the discriminating playgoer will be delighted at the opportunity Mme. Bernhardt offers the American public of seeing L'Aiglon adequately acted." A rather hard hit, surely, at Maude Adams!

The Empire Vaudevillians come to Shea's Theater next week. Those who are familiar with the salaries that are now demanded by feature acts cannot imagine how such an expensive company can be made to pay. Nevertheless this company was organized with but one view, and that was to occupy a commanding position among vaudeville road companies. It departs from precedents in that it not only presents for its headline attraction a star of artistic and popular celebrity, but that it has surrounded this feature with other acts practically headliners in themselves. The organization is headed by the celebrated Miss Johnstone Bennett, who presents the delightful little play, *A Quiet Evening at Home*, in which she is ably assisted by Mr. Antonia Williams. Miss Bennett has become one of the most talked-of women of the country as the arbiter of fashion for the contingent of "tailor-made girls," who have been so plentiful in recent seasons. The manly garb she popularized when in *The Amazons*, and in Charles Frohman's comedies, has become so associated with her, that she finds hard work in emphasizing her essential femininity at times. As leading woman with Mansfield and other notables, she has gained recognition all over the country. The extra attraction of the company is the European novelty, Ivan Tschernoff's famous troupe of educated dogs. These thirty-three canines do almost everything that man could do, and much that he could not. They have funerals, weddings, fires, celebrations, and hunts, and a dinner party, all in dog-land in the brief time of their act. It leaves a lasting impression with the women and children. George Felix and Lydia Barry, in their original conceit, *The Vaudeville Craze*; the Bison City Quartette of singers; Paulinetti and Piquo, unique gymnasts; Kittie Mitchell, the petite singing comedienne, whose act is irresistible with the women; the Tobins, in an artful musical offering; Martinetti and Sutherland, singers and dancers of extraordinary merit, complete a show that in every city has met with the one verdict, the best ever seen here.

Enthusiastic rehearsals are in progress for the military cantata, *Leo the Royal Cadet*, which is to be presented in Massey Music Hall on Thursday and Friday, December 20th and 21st, under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat. Some of the leading parts will be taken by the following ladies and gentlemen: Miss Jardine Thompson, Mrs. Reid, Miss Violet Smith, Miss Florence Smith, Major Galloway, Messrs. George Brown, A. McLean Macdonell, Reginald W. Kidner, Frank L. Kidner, Wm. H. Dow, Harry Bennett, Will J. White, J. F. Scott.

The next attraction at the Grand will be William Morris in *When We Were Twenty-one*, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 10th, 11th, and 12th inst., with Wednesday matinee. This will be followed by the Greek play, more particularly referred to in another column.

LANCE.



LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR
Who welcomed Col. Otter and the Canadian Soldiers to the Empire's Metropolis.

Gay Lord Quex

THE most discussed drama of the moment is *Pinero's The Gay Lord Quex*, played in New York by John Hare and Irene Van Brugh. Judging from criticisms and summaries of the story, it is not the most innocuous play of the season. New York "Life" points out the curious fact that Rosstand, who writes for the notoriously vile public of Paris, takes a high literary with historical virtue as its theme, while Pinero, who writes for pious England, always deals with disagreeable sexual topics.

For the information of the readers of "Saturday Night," the following summary of *The Gay Lord Quex* has been prepared:

The titled rogue who gives the name to the play has reached the age of forty-five before he decides to change his dissipated way of life, because he has become engaged to a young woman, not entirely certain whether she loves the blasé Marquess or the young officer to whom she has practically promised her hand. It happens that Sophy Fullgarney, once a lady's maid, is now a successful manicure and foster-sister to Muriel, whom the gay Lord Quex is to marry. This young woman does not approve of her friend's choice. She has heard that the noble lord is gay and knows that he once kissed another maid and then gave her a shilling. She has other grounds for her distrust, and determines to prevent her friend from the marriage with Lord Quex. Opportunity comes when her duties enable her to go to the country house at which the nobleman, his betrothed, and a duchess, once among his old loves, are staying. The duchess is one of those women who have lately begun to figure so dimly in the works of English novelists and dramatists: the women who try to maintain the illusion of youth by raking up the ashes of dead passions. Quex has tired of her. Pinero beautifully indicates how desperately she bores him. She loves situations, scenes, and she is determined to make a scene before Quex escapes her for good. By volunteering to take the place of the duchess's absent maid, Sophy serves as a plausible participant in the action of the third act on which the whole strength of the piece depends. The Duchess asks Lord Quex to come to her boudoir once for all. They will smoke the old cigarettes together, have one of the old talk, and she will give him back his presents. The weakest thing that Quex does is to consent to this farewell midnight meeting. He goes and talks to the Duchess. Knowing the manicure's mood toward him, Lord Quex suggests that she may be listening. He opens the door and the faithful Sophy is discovered listening vainly for something she may repeat to her friend.



MME. FISK,
Acknowledged by the musical critics of Europe and America to be the world's greatest contralto. She will appear in concert in Massey Hall, Tuesday, December 11th.

and prove her betrothed's unworthiness. Realizing that he may lose his bride, Lord Quex acts like a blackguard; he entices Sophy into the room. Then he locks the door and asks what would be thought by persons who found her in this plight with a gentleman. He can explain to his sweet-heart that he came to leave a book with the Duchess, and found instead of her maid the manicure acting temporarily in that place for her. The girl offers to say nothing and escape if he will only promise to be as silent in reference to her presence. She even consents to write a letter incriminating herself. When he agrees, she rebels because that seems too much like disloyalty to the foster-sister she is trying to protect from marriage with a wicked man. Away flies all thought of her own dishonor, and bent on saving Muriel, she dashes to the belltower, pulls it violently, and arouses the servants. Quex, however, is not to be outdone in generosity; he can threaten the girl, but he cannot calumniate her. His one thought now is to save her from disgrace, and before the servants have time to reach the door he has made a plan to protect her and to acknowledge his own perfidy. The girl in turn is touched by his magnanimity, and dashes from the room, convinced that, in spite of his past sins, he is altogether worthy of becoming the husband of her friend. The climax loses from the complexity of the motives. The changes follow one another with a startling and wholly theatrical rapidity.

The play practically ends with the climax of the third act. We expect in the fourth act to see Mr. Pinero winding up the story in a conventional way; but he does no such thing. He introduces some new complications, ingenious but mechanical like the others, which reveal Muriel's character in a rather unpleasant fashion, and persuade us that whatever weakness Quex may have, he is quite as reliable as she is herself.

Notes From the Capital.

ORD AND LADY MINTO were not here to celebrate the great feast day of Bonnie Scotland with the numerous Scots of Ottawa; but it is a time-honored custom for the vice-regal party to spend the night of St. Andrew in Montreal, so the fact that this year they had elected to spend it in Toronto did not interfere in the slightest with the success of the celebration in this city. The concert was perhaps one of the best St. Andrew's Society has so far given to the public. The quality of the programme was in keeping with the length of it. Those who know patriotic concerts, and how much is given for the money, will understand to what a height of perfection this one reached. The audience was a large one, for there were, besides disciples of St. Andrew, many prominent members from sister and brother societies. In the box with His Honor Judge MacTavish, the popular president of St. Andrew's, were the Premier and Lady Laurier. Judge MacTavish is a fine type of the Scotch Canadian, for though of Scotch parentage, he was born in the county of Carleton, and by his marriage in 1886 with Miss Flora Stewart, youngest daughter of the late William Stewart, he strengthened still more his Scottish connections. Mrs. MacTavish is a sister of Mr. MacLeod Stewart, one of Ottawa's most prominent Scotchmen. Scotch songs were almost de rigueur at St. Andrew's concert, and several of them were splendidly sung by Mr. Harold Jarvis. Even pretty Miss Ruby Cutler, of Boston, who loves operatic trills and runs, condescended to "Comin' Through the Rye," "Robin Adair," and "Bonnie Sweet Bessie."

During last week the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club bazaar—I should say "Fair" and give it its up-to-date qualification of "twentieth century"—took up most people's time, and a good deal of their money. The Athletic Club building seems so comfortably fitted up, almost luxuriously; so well supplied with current literature; so thoroughly up-to-date in every way, and the Club is blessed with such a long membership list, that one might wonder what it wanted any more money for! However, there is one thing that the casual visitor to an institution does not see—that is the debt—and the O.A.A.C. probably is like the rest of them. The



SHANNAH CUMMING,
Soprano, who will sing in Massey Hall, Tuesday, December 11th.

gymnasium is a large hall on the second floor, and covers the entire width of the building. It was fitted up with pretty booths, most of which represented one or other of the sporting clubs affiliated with the Association. There were the canoe club, where the girls wore white dresses and sailor hats, and sold flowers; the bicycle club, which was charmingly decorated in red and white, and the young ladies who sold sweets within this pretty booth wore dresses of scarlet tucked muslin, and large black hats. The football booth was in charge of Mrs. Rosenthal; in it dolls were sold. It was a fine collection of "la poupee" family, and Christmas being near, the dolls were in demand. Mrs. Rosenthal and the young ladies who assisted her wore a sort of "incroyable" costume—white skirts, short military red jackets, powdered hair, and Directoire hats. Very smart they looked. The Rowing Club had one of the largest booths, a gaily decorated pavilion done in crimson and dark blue. It required to be of larger dimensions than the others, which were merely shops, for it was the cafe. Tea, coffee, ices and lemonade were served therein at small tables—just large enough for two—by pretty waitresses in white muslin frocks and large black hats of the picture description. Someone said these waiters were picked out for their good looks, but in the words of the song, they had "no irritating way of keeping people waiting," and utility with beauty they combined." Mrs. George Murphy, who was Miss Edythe Forbes, a dark beauty, and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, small and fair, were the young married ladies in charge of the Rowing Club booth. Among their assistants were: Miss Paulette Lemoine, Miss Lily Murphy, Miss Kitty White, Miss Agnes Davis, Miss Edith Töbin, Miss Irene Glassmacher, Miss Lily McGee, Miss Minota Isbester, Miss Agnes Baskerville, Miss Clara MacCollough. A rosette of crimson and blue pinned on one shoulder told what club these pretty girls represented. Mrs. Hedley Gardiner and Mrs. Douglas Farmer were the ladies in charge of the Entertainment Committee. They looked after the smoking-room (such an artistic and inviting one, even though filled with the soft vapor of the cigarette), sold tickets for the evening's concert, and disposed of paddles for the wheels of fortune. The ladies of this committee wore colored muslin gowns, with white fichus, and becoming black hats. Miss Ethel White, Miss Ethel Bate, Miss Burrbridge, Miss Toller, Miss Fellows, Miss Mildred Macpherson, Miss Roma King, and Miss Ethel Jones were some of the girls on the Entertainment Committee. Two pretty little girls and a small boy, dressed in a military costume of khaki, spread abroad the news of the wonders to be seen for ten cents in the military museum. The girls were Miss Jessie Gilmore and Miss Sherwood, the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Percy Sherwood. Lord and Lady Minto, attended by several A.D.C.'s, visited the Fair on Wednesday evening, and were received in state by the lady vice-presidents who happened to be present, and then shown over the Fair by Colonel Turner, president of the Fair Committee, and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Colson, and Mr. J. M. Macdougall. The end of the 20th Century Fair came on Monday night, when the tombola prizes were drawn for. That was probably the most interesting of any night, for among the prizes were 15,000 bricks, a trip to the Pan-American Fair, a Newcombe piano, etc.

The 20th Century Fair so engrossed the public that, from a social point of view, last week was a dull one. There were, however, a couple of dinners, one of them given for General and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Avery, and a few luncheons, the smartest of which was one in celebration of Thanksgiving Day by Colonel and Mrs. Charles Turner in the ladies' ordinary of the Russell. As was only proper, the Stars and Stripes played an important part in the decorations of the dining-room at this luncheon.

AMARYLLIS.



Madame Cochina—Your enemy seeks to bring you to an untimely end. I see waters boiling around your senseless form. O beware of a dark man!

Has Nobody the Required Toast?

HANGLISH paper tells the following story, for which "Saturday Night" cannot vouch: Kingston, Ont., can boast of a good many things of which it is proud, but the latest it can make is a little bit eccentric. Of all the crazy men with queer delusions there is none to compare with that of an individual who is confined in the insane asylum in this city. He thinks he is a poached egg, and for twenty years he has been looking for a piece of toast big enough to sit down on. When visitors come and meet him, he always approaches them with the request for a moment's conversation in private. As he is perfectly harmless, the keepers do not put any restrictions upon him. If you grant his request, he whispers in your ear:

"Have you got a piece of toast about you?"

"No," you say. "What is the matter with you? Are you hungry?"

"Hungry!" ejaculated the man. "Why should I be hungry? I get plenty to eat. I'm tired. I'm a poached egg, and I'm looking for a piece of toast to sit on."

Naturally this request leads to laughter, and the poached egg retires in high dudgeon, but he comes back regularly on the arrival of the next batch of visitors in hope of meeting with better luck. All sorts of things which look like toast have been supplied to the man, but he wants the real thing, and as chairs and couches are not made out of toasted bread he is obliged to go on making his perpetual plea to visitors. In all other respects the man seems normal, and if this idea could only be got out of his head, he might obtain his discharge. As he persists in his delusion, he will probably spend the rest of his days in the asylum.

Extracts From Rosebery's "Napoleon."

"Was Napoleon a good man? . . . He was not, of course, good in the sense that Wilberforce or St. Francis was good. Nor was he one of the virtuous rulers: he was not a Washington nor an Antonine. Somewhere or other he has said that he could not have achieved what he did had he been religious, and this is undoubtedly true. . . . Was he a great man? That is a much simpler question, but it involves definitions. If by 'great' be intended the combination of moral qualities with those of the intellect, great he certainly was not. But that he was great in the sense of being extraordinary and supreme we can have no doubt. If greatness stands for natural power, for predominance, for something human beyond humanity, then Napoleon was assuredly great."

"He raised himself by the use and ruined himself by the abuse of superhuman faculties. He was wrecked by the extravagance of his own genius. No less powers than those which had effected his rise could have achieved his fall."

LODGE pole at S. it is somewhat of the land. Since progress, learn fifty two hundred and even know it a years. All is a great wood, this eight hundred feet. To Co. in his pole. To spend the thought directly into the word up the co. have an ex but to spec not only h that time might be talking in

Jones—"the breez you?"—To

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



The Raid on Nottawasaga Blockhouse.

RECENTLY, if not now, the remains of a vessel might be seen in the Nottawasaga river, not far from its mouth. This river, or creek, flows into the Georgian Bay some twelve or fifteen miles east of Collingwood, and in 1812 was the scene of a spirited encounter between the Yankees and British, of which the old hulk above referred to was a memento.

The closing campaign of the three years' war that had commenced in 1812 witnessed a great deal of activity on the lakes, and many engagements took place between the hostile fleets. Captain Sinclair, who had taken command of the naval forces of the United States on Lakes Erie and Huron, had five ships in his squadron, the "Niagara," "Caledonia," "Ariel," "Scorpion," and "Tigress." With these he attacked and burned the fort and barracks of St. Joseph on July 20th, and then proceeded to Michilimackinac, where he was repulsed by the British garrison. Piqued by this reverse, he sailed against the small and insignificant post on the Nottawasaga river, where Lieut. Worsley had command of a block-house, mounting three light guns, and also of a schooner, the "Nancy." On the approach of the enemy, the British commandant burned the "Nancy" where she lay, and as the block-house was set fire to by a shell from one of the Yankee cruisers, he and his party retired up the river. The whole of the North-West Company's valuable furs, forming the cargo of the "Nancy," had previously been sent to the French river. So, although the invaders were successful in driving back the defenders of the Nottawasaga, theirs was an empty victory, and brought them no spoils from either fort or vessel.

Although no benefit was reaped by the "Americans" from this adventure, it was productive of ultimate good to the British. Captain Sinclair departed from the Georgian Bay for Lake Erie, leaving behind only the "Tigress" and "Scorpion" to prevent supplies reaching the British garrison at Michilimackinac. In obedience, probably, to orders, the schooners made a trip to St. Joseph's Island, where they were seen by some Indians, who came down the lake with tidings of the fact, which they conveyed to Lieut. Worsley. The two Yankee cruisers, it seems, had separated, and were believed to be five leagues apart.

Worsley made his way to Michilimackinac by boat, and informed the commander, Colonel McDouall, of what had occurred. During the night of September 1st, four boats started out, one manned by twenty seamen under Lieut. Worsley, the three others by seventy-two soldiers under Lieuts. Bulger, Armstrong, and Raderhurst, of the army—in all ninety-two men and two guns, a 6- and a 3-pounder. A number of Indians accompanied the expedition, but took no part in the fighting. On the night of the 3rd the "Tigress" was boarded and captured after a desperate struggle, in which six men were killed and many wounded. Early on the morning of the 6th, the "Scorpion" was also taken after a short, sharp engagement. Thus the northern lakes were swept of the enemy and the possession of Mackinac rendered secure to the British for another winter.

The little fight at Nottawasaga creek was the only encounter between civilized forces that ever took place on the Georgian Bay. That locality has witnessed many a struggle between whites and Indians, or between warring bands of redmen. But only once did the "Longknives" and the British come into conflict on its shores. The immediate result of that one encounter was not such as to boast of, but it is gratifying to know that the men who retreated from Nottawasaga lived to fight another day, and struck back at the enemy with telling effect.

LANCE.

Mary of Bethlehem.

(Apropos of Raphael's Madonna and Child.)
She was the maid, of all the maids of earth,
Destin'd to wear the mystery and the glory,
To bear in very truth that fleshly birth
That placed her name for aye in heavenly story.

It was the joy of that calm angel greeting,
The message that her God would enter in,
Overshadowing all her womanhood, completing
The birth of God on earth without a sin.

What hopes of joy, what tears, what fond emotion,
Past thoughts' long plummet or the sweep of soul;
What trembling faith, as when on boundless ocean,
Some little craft puts forth to some new goal.

She bears unmoved her sex's holiest burden,
While lowly Heav'n's honor bows her soul;
O woman-heart, that seeks through Sorrow's guerdon
The chastened quest of some far spirit-goal.

Be sure the peace of God her heart uplifted,
While in her arms the hope of all the world;
Her kind eyes glowing, ne'er the love-look shifited;
The Boy saw there a Mother's thought unpealed.

To her was given the vision of the sadness,
The glory and the suff'ring for the race;
What wonder that a sweet, ethereal gladness
Commingles with the sorrow of her face.

Toronto, November, 1900. R. B.

Napoleon's English.

LORD ROSEBURY cites in his "Last Phase of Napoleon" the following letter written by the Emperor at St. Helena in English. Curious and faulty as it is, it is somewhat to the credit of the pupil after six weeks' study of the language:

"Since six week, y learn the english and y do not any progress. Six week do hourly and two day. If might have learn fifty and for day, I could know it two thousands and two hundred. It is in the dictionary more of foorty thousand; even he could most twenty, but much of temps. For know it a hundred and twenty week which do more two years. After this you shall agree that the study one tongue is a great labor who it must do into the yong aged.—Logwood, this morning, the seven month thursday one thousand eight hundred sixteen after nativity the yors Lord Jesus Christ."

"To Count Casares, chamberlain of the S. M. Logwood, in his palac, very press."

To speak a language very well, comments an exchange, the thought or object to be spoken must be translated directly into the word by the brain. To speak it fairly well, the word in the speaker's language must automatically call up the corresponding word to be spoken. Some persons have an exceptional facility for learning a foreign language, but to speak one perfectly the generality of persons would not only have to study it for at least two years, but during that time to converse exclusively in it. The "fairly well" might be acquired perhaps in one year without exclusively talking in it.

Jones—Why do you call Mr. and Mrs. Would-be Swell "the breezes"? Jaggs—You know what breezes do don't you?—"Town Topics."

The Return of Odysseus.

Something About the Greek Play to be Given at the Grand Next Week.

PERHAPS there is no more common theme for story or song than the return of the lover or husband to the long-waiting and constant sweet-heart or wife. It was a favorite story of the Crusaders. It is often met with in modern fiction. It is the theme of one of the oldest of Greek poems, "The Odyssey." Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are a large part of the magnificent legacy bequeathed by the ancient Greeks to the world. We say Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and yet it is now the generally accepted theory of scholars that there never was a Homer at all, in the sense of a single author of two splendid epics. But, at any rate, the poems remain—the "Iliad" full of the noise of battle and the terrible wrath of Achilles, the "Odyssey" breathing love and longing and the pain of hope deferred. Everyone has read of the rape of Helen and the consequent siege of Troy; how Paris, son of Priam, the Trojan king, abused the hospitality of one of the Greek kings, Menelaus of Sparta, and carried off his wife, fair Helen; how the Greek princes banded themselves together, sailed for Asia Minor, and for ten weary years invested the city of Troy; how, at last, the place was taken and given to the flames. The tale used to be considered mere fiction; but for the past quarter of a century the patient labors of archaeologists have been revealing a buried civilization which corresponds startlingly

The second act is merely a tableau. It is the house of Circe, the enchantress, to whose land Odysseus has come in his wanderings, and who changes his followers into swine. Odysseus is superior to her arts; she, finding she has no power over him, falls under his sway—even in Homer we find some of life's little ironies!—and restores his companions to their human form.

The third act brings us to one of the sweetest and purest of Homeric character-sketches. It is the land of the Phaeacians, a place not to be found on the maps. If Homeric history is fairly trustworthy, not so Homeric geography. Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcinous, has come down to the river with her maidens to do the family washing—the dignity of labor was believed in by the ancient Greek women. After work, play; and they began to play at ball, white-armed Nausicaa leading. This ball-playing scene makes one of the most effective of the numerous moving pictures of the play. Their merriment awakens a sleeper—none other than Odysseus, who, shipwrecked and bereft of all his comrades, has drifted to this strange shore on a raft and fallen into the sleep of exhaustion. Nausicaa's behaviour has the sweetness and dignity of an English girl; in fact, as is often remarked, the Homeric picture of woman's life in ancient Greece is more like an English than an Eastern picture, and "Hon soit qui mal y pense" is even more suitable as a motto for ancient Greece than for modern England.

The fourth act shows the palace of Alcinous, where Odysseus, flinging himself before Queen Arete, as a suppliant, is kindly received and entertained. The scene of the fifth



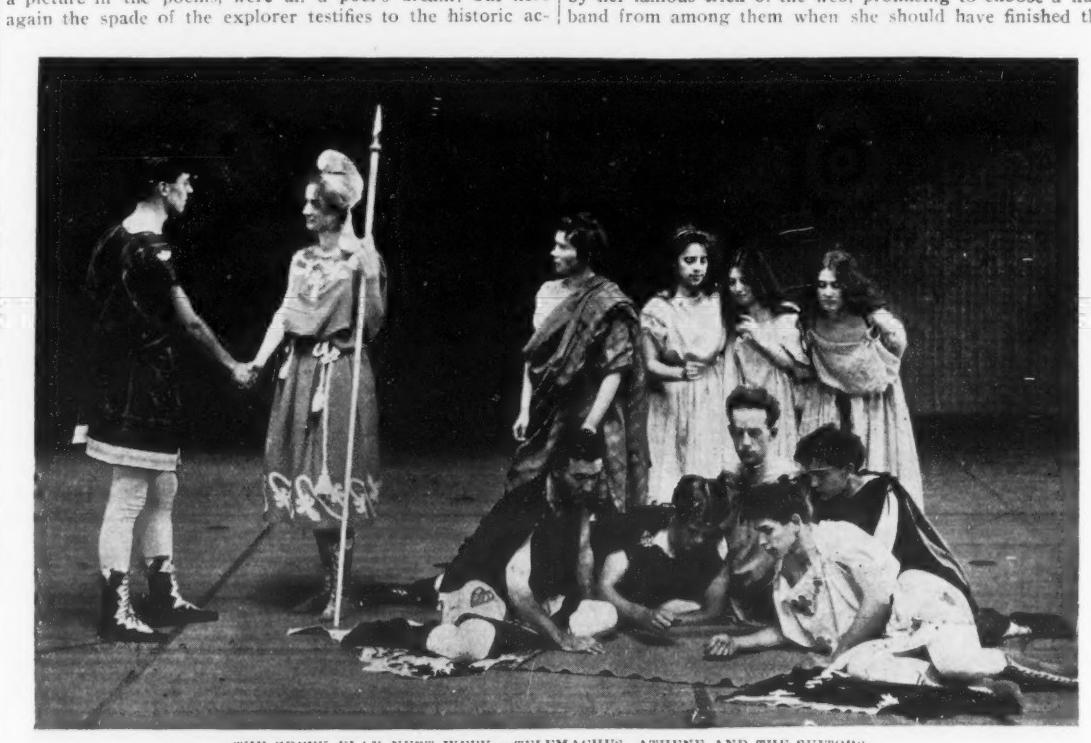
THE GREEK PLAY NEXT WEEK.—PELENOPE, TELEMACHUS AND ODYSSEUS.

with that described by Homer. On the hill of Hissarlik, in Asia Minor, a mass of debris forty-five feet high, has been investigated, and several strata of ruined cities have been made out. One of these answers wonderfully well to the Homeric descriptions, and there seems now comparatively little doubt that there is far more history in the Homeric poems than was dreamed of a few years ago.

The age of which the Homeric poems give us picture is now generally supposed to date back to the twelfth or tenth century before Christ. It used to be thought that the splendid palaces and mighty walls, the beautiful dresses and costly jewels, the richness and grace of life, of which we have a picture in the poems, were all a poet's dream; but here again the spade of the explorer testifies to the historic ac-

tact is the assembly hall of the Phaeacians, where foot-races, wrestling matches, boxing, and discus-throwing make a splendid spectacular performance. Odysseus, with a twist of his stout hand, sends the stone past all marks. Delighted with the stranger's strength and grace, Alcinous bids his wife bring for him a spotless robe and tunic, and gives him a golden chalice, so that when he should pour libations in his hall to Zeus, he might be mindful of his visit to the Phaeacian land.

The sixth act finds Odysseus at last home in Ithaca, whither he has been brought in a Phaeacian ship. He has come none too soon. Penelope has long put the woofs off by her famous trick of the web, promising to choose a husband from among them when she should have finished the



THE GREEK PLAY NEXT WEEK.—TELEMACHUS, ATHENE AND THE SUITORS.

curacy of the poet's picture. It was a pre-historic age, much more beautiful than the historic ages which succeeded. For a rude race presently swept down from the north, and swept away the civilization which it could not appreciate.

The "Odyssey" is a more general favorite than the "Iliad," of which it is, in a way, the sequel. After Troy is given to the flames, the Greek heroes set out for home, but navigation was timid and uncertain in those days and wind and wave were dangerous foes. Odysseus, better known by his Latin name, Ulysses, has farthest to go. His domain is the island of Ithaca, on the west coast of Greece, where he had left his wife Penelope and his infant son Telemachus to join the confederates before Troy's walls. He is driven strangely out of his course, and ten more years pass—he vein years of adventure on storm-tossed sea and enchanted land; for his faithful Penelope, years of sad waiting and hope deferred.

The parts of the story which Miss Barrows has woven into the play to be presented by University students at the Grand next week, are compressed into six acts. In the first the scene is Ithaca, the palace of Odysseus, where the numerous suitors for the hand and fortune of Penelope are making merry. Penelope may not send them away; hospitality was a religion to the ancient Greeks. The goddess Athene has come down from high Olympus, and appears in the guise of a man, to young Telemachus, bidding him to seek his father. Athene departs, the sailors summon the bard Phoenix, and bid him entertain them. He begins a song of Troy and of the return of the Achaeans. Penelope, from her upper chamber, hears the song, which is a hearty, break, naturally, to her. She descends to beg the minstrel to choose another song, since one is as good as another to these men, who merely drink in silence.

Freddie—What's the difference between a portrait and a photograph, dad? Cobwigger—Sometimes a photograph looks like you.—"Town Topics."

Lawyer vs. Dressmaker.

BY G. H. DE B.

MISS JANE WILSON having received a bill of costs from her lawyer, Mr. A. B. C. Johnston, and having at the time a dress in process of construction for Mrs. A. B. C. Johnston, on completion of same sends in an itemized account modelled on her solicitor's. The usual charge made by Miss Wilson for making a street costume is \$10.00. As will be noted, she charged exactly \$10.00 for making the suit, the remainder of the account is for extraneous attendances, etc., in connection therewith.

Mrs. A. B. C. Johnston

In account with

Miss Jane Wilson.

1900.

Nov. 1—Atg. when Mrs. Johnston called, and gave instructions to make costume, and conference in connection therewith.	\$ 4.00
Atg. received goods50
Nov. 2—Atg. subsequently, and further conference	1.00
Cutting suit	1.00
Basting same50
Nov. 3—Atg. when Mrs. J. called, fitting same	1.00
Also long and special conference as to	1.00
Nov. 5—Atg. telephone regarding same50
Stitching suit50
Nov. 7—Lr. to Mrs. J. to call regarding trimming, and paid50 \$.02
Nov. 8—Atg. on Mrs. J., who called conference as to trimmings and other matters	1.00
Also fitted second time50
Girl atg. to purchase more material, and paid50 1.00
Paid car fare of girl50
Nov. 11—Reed, lr. asking when will be ready to fit again, lr. in reply, paid postage50 .02
Facing skirt50
Facing waist and pressing suit50
Nov. 14—Atg. on Mrs. J., who called, discussing position of matters at considerable length	1.00
Making and putting sleeves in coat	1.00
Atg. telephone, Mrs. J. gives ins. to change trimming50
Lr. asking regarding further trimmings required by change of style, and paid50 .02
Nov. 16—Having reed, reply, assistant atg. to purchase, and paid car fare50 .10
Paid for material50 .50
Atg. Mrs. J. at phone, instructed to hurry work50
Nov. 18—Atg. on you when called, again fitting costume	1.00
Also conference as to	1.00
Finishing suit	2.50
Delivering, and paid car fare50 .10
Drawing bill of costs, 6 fols.60
Revising and engrossing same60
Disbursements	\$28.20 \$.86
Total	\$30.00

Some Recent Epigrams.

"Unfinished" is written at the end of the lives of all. It is not the mischievous who do the most harm; it is the mistakes.

Opportunity makes the man; opportunity unmakes the woman.

The great are only "great" in public; they are generally very little in private.

There is a mistaken impression in many quarters that no knowledge is fit to use till it has been filtered through a college professor.

Marie Bashkirtseff's Temper.

The new English three-penny society paper, "Onlooker," prints a story, from its Paris correspondent, "Adrienne," of Marie Bashkirtseff whose final letters and diaries have lately been published. The writer knew Marie Bashkirtseff, and admired her beauty and wit; nevertheless, she has no scruple in saying that Marie was "an impudent minx." She tells the following story:

I often met her in the house of a mutual friend, who one day gave a little fete in his country seat near Paris. Marie Bashkirtseff and Bastien Lepage graced the party, and the lovely Russian girl, who, with her halo of pale blonde hair and her clinging, soft, white frock, looked like a Druidic priestess, began the day in the most triumphant mood—for was not she the star, nay, the sun, toward which we all turned our eyes, blinking before so much loveliness? Bastien Lepage, her somewhat heavy but decidedly quaint admirer, was walking in her train, the fumes of incense rising around her.

It happened, however, that myself and a friend had just returned from Venice, and a few words were said at lunch about the city so dear to all artists, and which Bastien Lepage had just then the intention of visiting. So, a little later in the afternoon, as we had both gone to sit under a shady tree somewhat apart from the noisy rest, the young painter came, bringing with him a rustic seat which he installed near ours, and began asking questions about Venice. He grew interested, and I may as well confess that we felt quite under the charm of his original mind, and that the conversation lasted a good three-quarters of an hour, if not more. Suddenly a most perfect little hand fell heavily on the young man's shoulder, and I saw Marie Bashkirtseff, white, and trembling with rage, looking at us with the eyes of a cat who sees her kittens in danger. She unceremoniously pulled the chair from under Bastien Lepage. "En bien," she cried, hoarsely, "have you nothing more interesting to do than lose your time with old women?" (To shelter our feminine vanity, let me say that the elder of us was scarcely above thirty.) Bastien Lepage got up; he could not help it, for his seat was upset on the grass: "No, nothing more interesting, mademoiselle," he answered, frigidly. A flood of tears came to the large eyes of the violent little witch, and—let those who have never loved throw the first stone—Lepage became red to the ears, turned on his heels, and left us "in the lurch."

Inevitable.

Bobby came home one day covered with dirt and bruises, and trundling a broken bicycle.

"What on earth have you been doing, my child?" exclaimed this terrified mother.

"I ran over a big dog and took a fall," explained Bobby.

"Couldn't you see him and give him the road?"

"Yes. I saw him and was turning out, but when I got within ten feet of him I shut my eyes, and before I got 'em open again I'd run into him."

"For the land's sake, what did you shut your eyes for?"

"Couldn't help it. Had to sneeze. If you think you can hold your eyes open when the sneeze comes, you just try it some day."

If the reader thinks Bobby's excuse was not a valid one, let him try it some day, "when the sneeze comes."

Miss Askington—How do married men kill time? Aunt Sarah—With

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Trave.....	Tuesday, Jan. 29, 10 a.m.
Lahn.....	Tuesday, Feb. 12, 10 a.m.
Trave.....	Tuesday, Feb. 26, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen

Welmar.....	Thursday, Dec. 6, 8 a.m.
Frederick der Grosse, Thursday	Dec. 13, 10 a.m.
Trier.....	Thursday, Dec. 20, 3 p.m.

MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR, SICILY, AEGEA

Kaiser Wm. II, December 15; Alter, December 22; Kaiserin Maria Theresia, January 12; Werner, January 19; Kaiser Wm. II, January 26.

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Kensington.....	Jan. 9, noon
New York.....	Jan. 16, noon

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Anecdotal.

One of the best geographical sayings was Lord Dufferin's, who, when the master of Trinity and others were discussing the question whether the Hohenzollern geography could be trusted, remarked: "Homer must have been a good geographer; he was born in so many places."

An amusing story is told of how once in London the late Earl of Portsmouth grew impatient at the slow pace at which his cab was proceeding. Thrusting his head out of the window, he shouted at the cabman in his un-subdued Devonshire voice to proceed. The man answered abruptly that the streets were crowded. "Crowded, bless my heart, man—clear the road. I'm the Earl of Portsmouth!" The cabman laughed disbelievingly. "You may be Lord Portsmouth in Devonshire, sir, but you ain't Lord Almighty up here!" A quick retort that touched His Lordship's sense of humor.

Not very long ago Lord Rosebery, happening to call at Marlborough House by request, found the Prince of Wales seated at an open window quite lost in a certain book he was reading. As an opportunity presented itself His Lordship remarked: "Your Royal Highness must indeed be interested in your book. Might I ask the name of it?" "Certainly," replied the Prince. "A favorite writer of mine—Swinburne," "Swinburne!" said Lord Rosebery, in a very surprised manner. "Swinburne! Very magnificent, certainly; but your Royal Highness, I expect, finds him rather sultry." If I may use such a word?" "Yes, a trifle," said the Prince, laughing. "But, you see, I am reading him with the window open!"

Funny stories relating to the new Lord Chief Justice of England are rare, but one was current not long since which represented Sir R. Webster in a new light. A hansom he had taken on his way to the Law Courts was run into, and his driver being threatened with a summons, Sir Richard offered to appear as a witness, and gave the man his name. As the case was being heard he entered the police court, and was courteously requested to take a seat on the bench. A decision was readily given in cabby's favor, on the merits, and Sir Richard promptly left, but found the man waiting outside with his cab. "Jump in, sir," he cried. "I'll drive yer anywhere. I knowed it 'ud be all right when I saw yer up there a-squin' of the back!"

Schoolcraft, who gave to Longfellow the legends of Hiawatha, told Mrs.

Jameson an amusing anecdote illustrative of Indian character, which may be found at page 55 of the third volume of the latter's "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," published in 1888. A distinguished Pottawatamie warrior presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, and, observing that he was a very good man, very good, indeed—and a good friend to the Long-knives (the Yankees), requested a dram of whiskey. The agent replied that he never gave whiskey to a good man—good men never asked for whiskey, and never drank it. It was only bad Indians who asked for whiskey or liked to drink it. "Then," replied the Indian, quickly, in his broken English, "me damn rascal!"

Mrs. H. M. Stanley, when Miss Dorothy Tennant, used, with artistic freedom from prejudice, to pick up her models anywhere in the street, and one day Mr. Gladstone, an old friend of her family, met her leading a young and picturesquely ragged crossing-sweeper to her home in Richmond terrace. "Who is your friend?" he enquired; and, by way of reply, Miss Tennant introduced her protege to the Grand Old Man, who patronized the boy on his road to church every Sunday thereafter. On reaching the house in Whitehall, the lad gazed admiringly at the liveried servant who opened the door, and then asked in a whisper: "Miss, why does your big brother wear brass buttons?" Having seen that he got a good dinner from the cook, Miss Tennant asked the boy how he liked it. "Proper," he responded heartily. "Yer mother do cook prime."

Apropos of the Algerian conjurers, who apply hot metal to their bodies without suffering, it is explained that if only the metal is sufficiently hot, this can be done with perfect security, and the following story gives a case in point. When the Prince of Wales was studying under Sir Lyon Playfair in Edinburgh, the scientist, after taking the precaution to make him wash his hands in ammonia, to get rid of any grease that might be on them, said: "Now, sir, if you have faith in science, you will plunge your right hand into the cauldron of boiling lead and ladle it out into the cold water which is standing by." "Are you serious?" asked the pupil. "Perfectly," was the reply. "If you tell me to do it, I will," said the Prince. "I do tell you," rejoined Playfair, and the Prince immediately ladled out the burning liquid with perfect impunity.

Alma Tadema, the famous artist, one day received a visit from his Belgian confrade, Ferdinand Knopff. They discussed a certain picture by Van Eyck, which Knopff professed greatly to admire. Alma Tadema also knew the picture well, and was very fond of it. "But I think," said Tadema, "that I can enlighten you as to this canvas in a way which will cause you much surprise." Knopff seemed sceptical, and Tadema then continued: "On the window sill, in Van Eyck's work, lies an apple, and there are two oranges on the table. The apple can be seen in the mirror, but the oranges, which ought to be visible, Van Eyck has forgotten, someone having probably eaten them during an interruption in the task." Knopff told this story soon afterward to Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The latter laughingly replied that there was nobody shrewd enough to make such discoveries except one person, and that his name was Alma Tadema.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, ex-M.P., is the authority for the following anecdote of Gustave Doré, the famous painter. While in Paris the former was asked by a newspaper to write a description of the artist's studio, and did so con amore. It was a very large room, filled with huge canvases, in nearly all of which was the face of Adelina Patti, with whom Doré was passionately in love. Mr. Davin stood before the grand "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," just receiving the last touches at the hand of the master. The Virgin Mary was prostrate at the foot of the Savior, her attitude expressing in every line despairing grief. Unconscious, almost, the gazer said: "That is not art. The Virgin instead of Christ is the central figure—the alteration is divided, and much of the pathos lost." The painter drew near, palinbrush in hand. "But I am not an artist," the member of Parliament said hastily, in some consternation as he realized that he had been criticizing a master. Unheeding, Doré with a few strokes obliterated the figure of the Mater dolorosa, showing that he was great enough to learn. And the picture as it is to-day represents her as being at the left, evoking pity indeed, but not detracting from the sorrowful majesty of the Son of God—despised and rejected of men."

To a Little Girl.

Where did you find those eyes, little girl? And where did you get those curly locks? Did Heaven's own blue come down to you? Did bright sunshine your locks entwine, Little girl?

Where did you get those lips, little girl? And where did you find that kiss? Did you sip the rose when its nectar flows? Did angels above loan of their love, Little girl?

—ALVA W. TAYLOR.

Cause For Gratitude.



Chicks in background—Look! The Leg horn chicks are going to get licked! Ain't we glad our mother was an incubator!

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The Season of Gift-giving.

A Quaint Book. To the Finish.

ALWAYS, about this season, at least one-half of the earth's population hereabouts is worrying secretly over the selection of Christmas boxes. The other half has

evidently not wanted in any level-headed community. It is the anti-climax of "He who fights and runs away." And I am wondering what Mrs. Kruger, the foot-washing old dame, thinks of her Pauly now? It seems she is rather out of the running, after Margot and Jeanne of the sabots, but all things come to those who wait, and she will probably follow on. By the way, if one be at all inclined to Boerishness, I think a satirical antidote would be to read Oliva Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm." It didn't arouse my sympathies, was not a touching moment when the dear little Lady of Windsor broke down in thanking our boys for their gallant work in South Africa last Saturday? The tears of an old lady are rare and precious, and of such an old lady, too!

LADY GAY.

The Health Habit

Just as Easy to Form as Any Other.

We do not deliberately form our pet habits, but they are unconsciously acquired and grow as we grow, and by the time we learn they are hurting us we find them too strong to be easily broken.

Then, why not form a good habit, a habit which will counteract the many bad ones, in other words, the unfashionable habit of being always well.

The best health habit to get into is to have and keep a vigorous stomach; if you have a healthy digestion you can drink your beloved coffee, smoke your favorite brand of tobacco, with little or no harm; the mischief begins when these things are forced upon the faithful stomach, without any assistance.

Form the habit of taking after meals some harmless but efficient digestive which will relieve the stomach of so much extra work.

Nature furnishes us with digestives and when they are combined in such a pleasant preparation as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, they give the over-worked stomach just the necessary assistance to secure perfect digestion without any of the harmful effects of cathartics and similar drugs.

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Many families consider Stuart's Tablets as essential in the house as knives and forks.

They consist entirely of natural digestive principle, without the effect or characteristics of drugs: they have no cathartic action, but simply go to work on the food eaten and digest it. Take into account your bad habits and the expense they entail, and then invest fifty cents in a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and see if you digestion for the next month is not vastly improved.

Ask the clerk in any drug store the name of the most successful and popular stomach remedy, and he will say Stuart's.

Sir William Van Horne's interest in Japan has caused him to undertake an extended history of Japanese art, which will be published in many volumes, illustrated in color by Sir William himself, with sketches of all the exquisite gems in his own collection.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Geographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Archibrook—it is rather a pity you wrote on lines. You are strong, bright, love to rule, and can do it pretty well. Your courage, self-reliance, and enterprise are good. You are a bit fond of talking in a dissolute way and are not ill-natured. Temperament is generally cheerful, some tenacity of opinion, warm affection, and a rather material nature are shown. You are fond of art, and are generally an impressionable and affectionate person. You would be exceedingly loyal, a good business woman, and a probable manager of men and things. A fine study. So think, though holding independent, don't hold on bad knowledge, simply ignorant of the weight of opinion against her acts. Your two enclosures are not in the limit. See the rules.

Lover of Toronto—Things in general are not always agreed. That was a little mistake. Your writing shows imagination, wool gathering in fact, uncertain impulse, light and bright in mental impressions, much frankness of speech, erratic judgment, not very marked dis-

like. Lover of Toronto—Things in general are not always agreed. That was a little mistake. Your writing shows imagination, wool gathering in fact, uncertain impulse, light and bright in mental impressions, much frankness of speech, erratic judgment, not very marked dis-



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creation. Writer is ambitious, speculative, and has a good deal to learn. Throwing hand is not strong, but probably clever. Denny—I have read your letter carefully and have perhaps over hasty sometimes in jumping to conclusions. Don't be discouraged under hindrances or difficulties. You will get out all right. I don't think you have man enough to contend against, but there's a streak of pessimism in your final. You are not always logical, nor do you carry a train of thought very firmly. Adaptability and originality are your best assets. Never be afraid to show your work. "Chorus" isn't spelled chorous. As to the rest of it, all you need is sense—which I can't give you, that useful quality being endogenous. Never mind the rival, and don't let the worrier worry you. He wants to be a champion, but he wants to be a good man. If you will say so, if he doesn't, perhaps some one else will. Your writing is both immature and insincere, but it has great force; some day it will richly reward you. You have a good story to tell, and the emotions will be a tripping up for you, unless you greatly assist.

E.D.H.—I haven't spun along much this year, my dear. Seems there's never time for riding now, and am growing lazier. The wagon wheels are still. Boys don't generally bore me, but see whatever wickedness they indulge in. Don't you be judging why people go to hear him. Very likely they are your waddalay's son aged eleven, may receive some useful pointed in the right direction. October 1 is ruled by the Zodiacal sign Libra

A Heroine of the Home.

In the early days of Ohio there was a vinegar pie. A paste was made of flour and water. Enough vinegar was added to give it a pleasant tartness and sugar was stirred in to suit the taste. Then this was used as a filling for the top and bottom crust. Smile, if you can, at this poor effort, but bethink you who it was that made it and where and why. We may set the scene in a log-cabin in the wild woods of the Western Reserve and people it with settlers from Connecticut, an ambitious husband and his young wife who have left behind them the old folks at home, knowing that they will never look upon their faces more. They have come the long, long journey in their covered wagon to the far West of Ohio to seek a home in the wilderness. The Indians are but barely gone. The timber wolves still howl nights while the young mother hushes her babe to rest. In the twilight bears snuffle at the door sill of the rude cabin. It was a sufficient shelter from the weather, but no rag carpet covered the puncheon floor to soothe the eye with its soft coloring, no pictures hung upon the mud-chinked wall of logs. There was no lack of food to eat. The virgin soil, never before turned by a plowshare, brought forth riotously. Standing at his door, the husband might kill wild turkeys with his rifle. There was game in plenty, deer and squirrels, possums, wild ducks, wood pigeons and, once in a long while, a feast of that most highly prized of all meats, pork. Wild berries grew all about, and here and there upsprung a tree planted by Johnny Appleseed, ragged, wild enthusiast that he was, almost a legendary hero in his benevolent resolve to scatter far and wide over the new country the best fruit ever God gave to man. There was plenty to eat, but when at last the store of fruit for winter was exhausted, the soul sickened at the plenty of mere animal food.

"I woosn't twas so we could have pie luck them we used to git back hum," sighs the husband. "Land sakes! Uriah Kinney! I ain't got one mortal thing I could make a pie out o'!" retorts the wife. "No, I spose not. I ain't a-faultin' ye. I was only sayin' I woosn't twas so we could hev a pie luck them we used to git back hum. 'Twould kind o' seem more luck livin'."

Then the wife fails to biting the end of her forefinger. She plans; she meditates. Oh, woman of a thousand wonderful inventions! Something has got to give when thy brain throws its weight against a problem. Result in this instance: a vinegar pie. "Gosh, Polly! This is lickin' good!" exclaims the husband, wiping his mouth with one hand while he holds out the other for a third piece of pie. ("Crockery was scarce in those days). Then he spreads the news. "By darn!" says he to the next man

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she meets, "My Polly Ann med a pie f'r me day b'fore yestiddy was the all-frest best pie I ever et."

"Sho!" doubts the man that hears him. "Cain't git nup pie this time o' ye'r. Frut's all gin aout."

"By darn! she med it anyhaow," and he smacks his lips. "Smartest woman I ever see. Med it aout o' vinegar, she did. Tell yeou. Tetched the spot, it did."

"I want to know," says the other man, admiringly. And he did. The pie was passed around, and vinegar pie spread like wild-fire to the southward to the people that call a pall a bucket and a basin a pan and where they have a letter "e" broad enough and flat enough to roll out pie crust on in case of an emergency. Years have passed and with them the memory of that dear soul that first discovered vinegar pie; yes, even vinegar pie itself has passed away, too, save in the recollections of the older people, so complete is the triumph of the self-sealing fruit can. I have used the name of Kinney, but that was because I thought it sounded kind of Yankee, but I should like to know her real name, and where she sleeps, that I might stand beside that weed-grown hollow that was once a mound above her, that I might read the mossy epitaph on her leaning tombstone:

A Faithful Friend, a Mother Dear,
A Loving Wife lies buried here.

I should like to lay a posy on that grave, a posy of old-fashioned single pinks and phlox and Sweet William flowers that she knew and liked. I am sure she would know of it and appreciate it though she would pro est it wasn't worth while making a fuss about. Yet I know that somehow she would feel that the hard times she had when they were all down with the "fever n' ager," she and Jerushy and Uriah chilling one day and Adoniram and the twins chilling the next day, and the cows got lost in the woods, and nothing tasted good, they were all so poorly, and the house looked like distraction because, seem-like, she hadn't the ambition to keep it pickled up—that somehow all that hard time was being made up to her now. I just know she is in the Good Place, not so much because she discovered the vinegar pie, though that is much, but because I don't see how the Good Man could ever have the heart to turn away any woman that brought up a family in Ohio away back in the "airy days."—From "Pie," an essay in the Christmas "Ainslee's" by Harvey Sutherland.

An Agent of Death.

Small and Little Heeded, but Deadly in the Extreme.

Constipation a Fatal Source of Death
—But it Vanishes When Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are used.—They are the World's Greatest Cure for Constipation.

People often say: "Oh! Constipation doesn't amount to anything. It cures itself if you leave it alone."

But they make a terrible mistake. There is no more fruitful source of death than constipation. And the evils it always brings cause the most agonizing tortures.

Constipation paralyzes the muscles of the bowels, which are then unable to perform their duties.

Foul, decaying waste matter lies in the bowels, instead of being expelled. It causes irritation, inflammation and death.

Again, with such matter decaying in the bowels, the liver and kidneys become diseased, the blood is poisoned, heart disease and death result.

We see, therefore, how vitally important it is to keep the bowels in proper order.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets ensure prompt, thorough digestion, and a proper, regular working of the digestive organs.

The small brown Tablets reduce the waste matter, soothe and allay irritation and inflammation, and stimulate the bowels to a regular and perfect working. Perfect health often depends on a small matter. Keep the bowels in good order.

There never was, and never will be, a case of constipation, no matter what its cause, no matter how dangerous. In young or old, that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets won't cure.

Ashes.

A calloused heart—where passion's fires outburned
Their own consuming strength, nor e'er
The after-glow of Love's enkindling name
To warm its whitened ashes into flame.

A wasted life—in which ambition's stream
Sweps on unsated as an empty dream
That rouses in the soul a vain desire,
Which sinks, unlifted, before it dare aspire.

A stainful soul—that Phoenix-like would
rise
From its foul ashes, where, unshriven,
lies
Its world-polluted shell—to where above
Burn quenchless fires of honor, life and
love.—CAMERON NELLES WILSON.

An Outrageous Practical Joke.

Speaking of Queen Wilhelmina, says a writer in an English paper, let us hope that her bridegroom-elect is more steady and wise than he was some fifteen years ago, when a lady of my acquaintance had serious reasons to complain of him. She then occupied the post of governess to some young female cousins of his, scions of the ducal house of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who lived in a grand, solitary castle in the middle of a boundless plain of sand, like a tent in the desert. Henry Vladmir von Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was once there on a visit to his cousins, had taken a violent dislike to the lady governess, who objected to his rather free-and-easy manners with her noble pupils—boys themselves and difficult to keep in order. One Sunday morning the children started with her in a charabanc to drive to the little church situated a few miles away from the Castle. Madame de X. was on the front seat with the two young countesses, and Master Duke Henry Vla-

Dinner Time on the Nile.

What will you have dearest?
A little dark meat, without dressing, please.

Dmitri had installed himself on the back seat. More than once she felt as if something queer was going on behind her, but when she looked round the boy was stiff and solemn, and looking the other way.

At last the party reached the church, in front of which a little crowd of noble neighbors and peasants had assembled. Henry Vladmir jumped out first and gallantly offered his hand to the governess. She thought this unwanted politeness rather strange, but on jumping out her skirt and one or two petticoats fell at her feet, where they softly arranged themselves in a sort of balloon, from which she emerged a little more dressed than "Venus sortant de l'Onde," but not much. On the morrow the young Mecklenburg-Schwerin was sent home with the brand of shame upon him. But evidently the sins of first youth do not bring curses on the second one. For who can deny that Duke Henry Vladmir is a lucky fellow?

Preventive of Long Sermons.

They have a neat way in the Royal Chapels of notifying the preacher when he has preached long enough. The Queen's chaplains, "is affirmed, have always been obliged to condense their eloquence, and it is now an effort for the aged Monarch to listen to a discourse of more than fifteen minutes. Even Crathie Church has a quarter-of-an-hour glass placed conspicuously on the pulpit ledge—a gift from the Queen, suggested, it is said, by the Prince of Wales, who had endured some tedious sermons from various Scotch ministers. Dr. Norman Macleod was a privileged and lengthy preacher, but his brother, Dr. Donald, though equally diffuse, was less interesting, and a sermon from him of forty minutes one morning quite exhausted the Prince's patience, while the Princess, who sat next to the Duke of Cambridge, was heard to murmur, "Too long." The ventilation of their suffering at Balmoral was followed by the presentation of the quarter-of-an-hour glass, which makes an efficient substitute for the bell with which Queen Elizabeth reminded her chaplains of the flight of time.

The quarter-of-an-hour glass might be profitably adopted in some churches that are not accustomed to hold royal funerals.

Before the Question.

I pause, old Streeter's marble stoop on,
To wish I had some slight security
That Marguerite, my pearl of pearls,
The youngest of five lovely girls,
On Hyacinth's boudoir the last, best coupon
Will be cashed promptly at maturity.

A Coquette.

The sky coquetted with the earth;
She made a dark cloud pout,
And burst in angry tears of rain
That blurred her blue eyes out.

And then relented, bit by bit,
Till sudden, of her grace,
Threw him a happy kiss of sun
And laughed down in his face.

—Theodosia Garrison, in N. Y. "Truth."

Literary Pessimism.

You take up most French books, and, irrespective of political party or of literary school, you find nothing but one long monotonous wail and Jeremiah, writes T. P. O'Connor from Paris. I have just been reading a very doubtful book by a brilliant young writer, Octave Mirbeau, one of the very greatest of the second generation of Royalists. It is called the Memoirs of a Serving Maid, a title which sufficiently indicates its contents. It is one long, loud denunciation of human nature as foul, filthy,avaricious, of man and woman as shrewd, vicious, and as everybody knows, this is the tone of all the writers of to-day in France. M. Octave Mirbeau is a bitter anti-clerical; M. Paul Bourget, on the other hand, has recently joined the ranks of the Conservatives; but the clerical and the anti-clerical have the same message to give of their epoch and their race, and the message is one of despair. It is curious, is it not, this contrast between moral despair and vast material progress, huge and beneficial social changes? This is not the place to go into the reasons for such a contrast. For the moment it is sufficient for me to say that all this deepens a conviction I have been forming for

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some years. Whether it is their sedentary lives—or the vast demands made upon their brain cells and the general precariousness of their existence—whatever be the reason, I am inclined to the belief that literary men are not to be taken as the most faithful and trustworthy interpreters of their times; that they see things through green spectacles; and that probably in a big workshop or in a Socialistic Municipal Council you get amid drudgery and perhaps much rubbish—a truer insight to the tendencies, emotions and possibilities of your times.

A Literary Test.

In an interview some weeks ago, had by a reporter with Mr. John Murray, the distinguished English publisher, the subject of the talk being the modern novel, the speaker made, among other interesting and informing statements the following, which deserves to be framed and hung over the book-shelf of the young man and woman who are always inquiring what he or she must do in the way of light reading to be saved the reproach of ignorance: "If anyone wishes to test the books of to-day, let him or her keep up a close acquaintance with Robinson Crusoe, the Warley novels, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot. It is extraordinary how much modern work crumbles under this test."

Two Excellent Reasons.

"Why did you lynch him?" we asked of the mob.

"Well, he confessed."

This seemed reasonable, but again we asked:

"Why did you lynch the other man?"

"Because he wouldn't confess, concern him!"—Town Topics."

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HE concert of the Toronto Singers' Club on Tuesday night in Massey Hall was the occasion of the introduction of Herr Ernst von Dohnanyi, the talented young Hungarian pianist. The club, by engaging this artist for their principal attraction, showed much commendable enterprise, and have put the select musical public under an obligation. Herr Dohnanyi won an instant and complete triumph, compelling the admiration not only of the critical musician, but of that large proportion of his audience who make no claims to special musical knowledge. He is singularly modest and unassuming in demeanor, and seems to be free from mannerisms or affectation of any kind. A slight swaying of the body when he is playing is his only peculiarity—a very inoffensive one, it must be admitted. As an emotional interpreter he shows warmth of feeling without violence or exaggeration, and a delicacy and refinement of sentiment which is rare in young artists. He has a well-developed, plastic, and sensitive touch, and produces a tone which, rich and mellow, is beautifully graduated according to the requirements of the music, and which shows to advantage in singing passages. His phrasing is very finished, and distinguished for subtle and delicate nuances. As to mere technique, he has plenty of it—enough and to spare for the demands of all legitimate compositions for the instrument. With all these endowments and with such highly developed talent, there should be a brilliant future before this youth of twenty-three years. Herr Dohnanyi's programme selection consisted of Mendelssohn's Preludium and Fugue in E minor, Beethoven's Andante in F, and Rondo Capriccio, op. 129, Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp, op. 36, the Liszt-Schubert Soluce de Vienne, and the Liszt transcription of the celebrated Rakoczy march. The latter number was the only composition that was at all disappointing in effect. It seemed impossible to work up that power, and frenzied abandon of national passion which Berlioz succeeded in developing in his orchestral transcription, and which Berlioz himself relates inspired his Hungarian hearers to unrestrained enthusiasm. If there has ever been a pianist who could have satisfied one in this number it was probably Rubinstein. Dohnanyi is, however, not a tempestuous player, and it is doubtful whether he will ever be able to produce such overwhelming fortissimos and crescendos as those with which Rubinstein astonished his audiences. But all the musical qualities which I have already enumerated were in evidence in his rendering of his programme. His playing of the theme of the Beethoven Andante was extremely tender and beautiful, and of the Rondo, a delightful example of dainty crispness of accent and clarity of phrasing. The Mendelssohn and Chopin numbers revealed the soloist's appreciation of the style and sentiment of these two composers, while his lighter numbers in dance form, which included two encores, were rendered with brilliancy and a fine sense of rhythm. The Singers' Club, who gave a most attractive selection of choral and part songs, more than confirmed the good impression they made at their first concert early in the year. With voices of excellent quality—fresh and bright in the soprano—the chorus sang with much care and with well graduated nuances. A particularly beautiful effect was obtained in Bruch's Jubilate. Amen for chorus and soprano solo, a taking number, most felicitous in idea. The club in their subdued singing, so well sustained, gave evidence of most conscientious care in the preparation of this number on the part of their conductor. It is no exaggeration to say that the Jubilate made the great hit of the evening. The applause was very enthusiastic, and the second part had to be repeated. Miss Teresa Flanagan's solo by way of obbligato, which formed so charming a contrast to the choral theme, can be honestly praised. Her clear voice, pure in quality, and without much color, seemed most appropriate in the circumstances. She sang, moreover, very prettily and engagingly. Other numbers by the club which may be singled out for notice, were Bohm's Calm as the Night and Pinstut's In This Hour of Softened Splendor, both of which were warmly applauded. Miss Olga McAlpine, a talented pupil of Mr. Schuch, won a genuine triumph by her singing of Schubert's Song. She has a voice of warm color and sympathetic timbre, and sings with natural expression. This young lad was enthusiastically recalled and encored and may be congratulated on her success. Owing to the rain the attendance was unfortunately small, but those who were present were well repaid for the slight inconvenience occasioned them by the weather.

A vocal recital will be given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday evening, December 13, by vocal pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, assisted by piano pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt and Mr. J. W. F. Harrison.

Last Saturday afternoon a good programme was rendered at the Toronto College of Music by pupils from intermediate and advanced grades. The teachers represented were Mr. F. H. Torrington, Mr. T. C. Jeffers, Mr. P. S. Hook, Mrs. Malon, Mrs. Howson and Mr. J. C. Arlidge. The programme was as follows: Chopin, Waltz, op. 64, No. 1, Laura Taylor; Meyer-Helmond,

concerts in Massey Hall and churches in this city.

The last number of "Music" of Chicago contains an article by Miss Amy Fay on the future of women as composers. She thinks that women will one day produce their contingent of great masters (?). Since it took fifty thousand years (that being the antiquity of the human race, according to John Fiske) to produce one male Beethoven, she thinks we ought to allow more than a century for women to come to the front. The New York "Post," in commenting upon the article, says that, as a matter of fact, in music women always have had the same opportunities as men—nay, even better ones; yet to this day not a single great composition can be traced to a feminine pen. Not only Beethoven, but a thousand other men have written better music than any woman has.

Verdi recently passed his eighty-seventh birthday at his Saint Agata villa. The Italian Minister of Education sent him a congratulatory message, in which he referred to him as having been for more than a half century the pride and glory of Italy.

It is said that the biggest symphony ever composed is that in C minor by Gustav Mahler, the distinguished Viennese conductor. It has six movements scored for two orchestras, organ, solo voices and chorus. It was produced at Berlin in 1896 but was not appreciated there. Recently, however, it scored a triumph at Munich, where it was played by the Kain Orchestra. Mahler, it is said, has secured by his combination effects of wonderful sonority.

The New York "Evening Post" admits that since the death of Seidl and the departure of Theodore Thomas New York has become a second-rate town, so far as the higher musical life is concerned, and says that this deplorable state of affairs can be remedied only by getting up a fund and importing a great conductor from Europe.

At Glasgow next year an international exhibition is to be held, at which a feature will be the appearance of several bands from the Continent. The band of the Guides from Brussels, and the bands of the Royal Bavarian Artillery, the First German Naval Division from Kiel, and the Royal Band from the Hague have been engaged. The remuneration of the Guides will be £450 a week.

An amusing lapsus linguae, says "Truth," is reported from a suburban church, which shall be nameless. It is a church with a mixed choir, and the ladies protested against being arrayed in surplices—perhaps being unwilling to be confounded with the gentlemen also clothed in these glorified nightgowns; perhaps, also, because they preferred to sport more fashionable costumes. The clergyman combatted their arguments for some time, and then finally laid down the law, "surplices or nothing." The blushing damsels of the amazed choir accepted the surplices.

A very interesting piano and song recital was given on Thursday of last week in the Bathurst Street Methodist Church by Messrs. George D. Atkinson, pianist, and F. Hancock-Matthews, basso, assisted by Miss Evelyn Martin, solo violinist. Mr. Atkinson, who is a talented pupil of Mr. Frank S. Welsman, gave among other numbers the Chopin Nocturne in B major and Prelude in D flat, Sinding's Fruehlingsrauschen and Rachmaninoff's popular prelude in C sharp minor. In all these he displayed musically qualities as an interpreter, combined with a well-developed technique and a full and refined tone. Mr. Mathews, who is pupil of Mr. Rechab Tandy at the Conservatory of Music, sang expressively and in fine voice. Pinstut's Bedouin Love Song, and Wagner's Evening Star. Miss Martin was very successful in her solos. Godard's Jocelyn Berceuse, and Grieg's Albulenleaf, receiving an enthusiastic encore for the last-named.

George Chrystal Brown, tenor soloist at Trinity Methodist Church, has been engaged to sing the role of Leo in Telemann's military cantata, Leo, the Royal Cadet, to be presented at Massey Hall, on December 20 and 21.

Mr. T. R. Walker has accepted the position of choir leader, and Mr. Theodore Ives as organist in the Disciple Church, Toronto Junction. Both gentlemen pursued their studies at the Toronto Junction College of Music, and a much improved song service is looked for under their leadership. Mr. Walker comes from the choir of Central Methodist Church, and is a pupil of Mrs. Chattoe-Morison. Mr. Ives was the winner of a piano scholarship offered by Miss McLean, and is now studying the organ with Mr. A. S. Vogt.

The promenade concert in the Armouries on Wednesday evening of last week was much in the nature of a disappointment. There was a good attendance, it is true, but the playing of the Chicago Marine Band did not come up to expectations. It was lacking in the distinction of a fine band; the tone from the brass and wood sounded coarse and lacking fullness, and the conductor, Mr. T. P. Brooke, directed some of the music at a pace which did not command itself to one's judgment, to say nothing of being a departure from the practice of the best conductors. In regard to the playing of the band, some allowance must be made for the unsuitability of the locale, the Armouries being admittedly a bad place for sound, as was proved conclusively on the occasion of the concerts of Godfrey's British Band. The only two numbers of any musical merit were the Jubilee Overture of Weber, selection from Carmen, and the first movement from Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and an arrangement of the quartette from Rigoletto. The Carmen selection was badly arranged, and interpreted without significance. The bugle band of the Q.O.R. assisted in a fanfare militaire, and in one of Sousa's marches. The vocalist was Mrs. Harriet Bement Packard, a

Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, the popular Toronto baritone, has been meeting with much success this fall. He has appeared so far since October in London, Galt, Béton, Preston, Stratford, Guelph, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Uxbridge, Aurora, Hamilton and other places in Ontario, besides at numerous

soprano with a brilliant voice, who gave a display vocal waltz by Greg.

Mr. Torrington's second popular concert of chamber music in Victoria Hall on Monday evening was well attended and much enjoyed. The artists who appeared were Miss Lande, pianist; Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, flautist; Miss Richardson, cellist; Miss Mansfield, pianist; Mr. Smith, violin, and Messrs. J. A. Arlidge and J. W. Carnahan and Miss Pearl O'Neill, vocalists. Concerted numbers by Beethoven and Weber formed part of the scheme, which was well carried out. The next concert is arranged for January 7.

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Social and Personal.

Last Saturday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones of Lawrence gave one of the most brilliant and artistic receptions which I have ever attended in Toronto. The beauty of Lawrence, when in gala array, is such as to satisfy the most exigeante, and the pleasure of being surrounded by so much that is artistic and precious was enhanced by the privilege of hearing some really fine singing. The songs were sweet and generally popular old gems, such as Flow Softly Sweet Afton, Mary of Argyle, and a patriotic song for Mr. Sherlock's sweet high tenor; Calm as the Night, The Old Plaid Shawl, and a setting of Tootie's Good-bye for Miss Grant's full contralto; Leave Me Not, The Shoogy Shoo, the Intermezzo from Mascagni's opera, for Miss Flannigan, and Mr. Drummond's great number, the Prologue to Pagliacci, for which Miss Melvin-Jones played an inspiring accompaniment. The music was so very good, and so much enjoyed by the more critical part of the company that it naturally takes first place among the very many pleasures of the reception. I think Mr. Musgrave was the accompanist for the other songs. The guests were welcomed by Mrs. Melvin-Jones in the library, through which a constant stream of smart women and fine men passed to the drawing-room, music-room, dining-room, and balcony, which was recently glazed for a winter smoking-room, and formed a wide and easy passage from the crowded rooms to the main hall. Mrs. Melvin-Jones wore a rich purple gown, opening over a glimpse of white chiffon, and her young daughter and assistant hostess was very smart in pink brocade, panelled over soft pleated chiffon and touched with gold spangles. Miss Melvin-Jones handed to each guest a tiny little pink and gold programme of the songs to be heard, and the music-room was soon lined with a triple row of people, whose applause was involuntary after each number. In the dining-room was set a dream of a refreshment table, all white and gold and silver, with decorations of fine yellow and white chrysanthemums and white hyacinths. Another small table was set on the balcony, and there also were cosy chairs, soft Oriental rugs and pretty lights. A few of the hundreds present were: Lady Howland, Lady Taylor, Mrs. and Miss Peters, Mrs. and the Misses Lester, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. Mullock, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell Thompson, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Dr. Hardy, Mrs. and the Misses Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Miss Marie ope, Mr. Harry Hees, Dr. and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Riddell, Miss Fitzhugh, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, Miss Helen Armstrong, Rev. Armstrong and Mrs. Black, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Miss Miles, Miss Drury, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Dr. Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mrs. Charlie Temple, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Ravenshaw, Mr. and Mrs. James, Miss James, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Van Rughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Ridout, Major Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowther, Mr. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. G. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Johnston, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. and Miss Dwight, Mrs. and Miss Goodham, Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mrs. and McDonnell, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Mrs. Willie Brouse, Mrs. and Miss Myles, Mr. and Mrs. George Broughall, Mrs. E. S. and Miss Cox, Mrs. and Miss Dignam and Sir John van Hoogenhouck Tulleken, Miss Jessie Rowand, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Taylor of Florsheim and the Misses Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Henri Sudam, Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart, Mrs. and Miss Geary, Mr. Geary, Mrs. and Miss Kate Ross, Mrs. Carveth, Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. Mills, Mrs. George Dickson, Mr. O. Howland, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Mrs. Cattermole and Miss End Wormum, Mrs. Herbert Robinson, Mrs. A. W. Ross, Mr. Hugo Ross, Captain and Mrs. G. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Willson and Miss Hazel Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hilton, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Miss Muriel Steele of Hamilton, Mr. Sydney Band, Miss Naomi Wilson, Miss Somerville, Mr. Finucane, Mr. Mackay.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt gave an informal tea to a number of ladies, which was laughingly called a pianola tea, as that festive instrument was much in evidence, and played some smart selections during the afternoon. Mrs. Nesbitt received in the drawing-room. In the tea room were three charming people: Mrs. Jack Nesbitt (nee MacLean of Hamilton), Miss Sovereign and Miss Worts in charge of the daileys for the refreshment of the guests. A huge mound of golden bloom, round and perfect, centred the table, and Miss Worts and Miss Sovereign poured tea and coffee. Mrs. Nesbitt has another tea next Monday.

At a recent tea, a little lady whose gown was always distractingly lovely, appeared in a pale grey velvet robe, stamped with a fern-like pattern, a broad collar of white Brussels lace, rich and beautifully spread between the shoulders from revers opening over a soft white chemisette. The comments of the women on this rich, yet simple, robe showed that there was nothing in their vocabulary to quite meet the demands of their admiration.

Miss Fitzpatrick of Quebec is the guest of Mrs. G. P. Magann, at Thorncliffe.

Mrs. E. Y. Reburn (formerly Miss Norma Reynolds) is now settled in her new home, 38 Bernard avenue, and will receive for the first time Friday, December 14, from three until nine o'clock, and afterwards on the first and third Fridays of each month.

This afternoon Mrs. Hammond gives a reception for the bride-elect, Miss Crombie. On Thursday Miss Hees gave a luncheon to her bridesmaids, and a

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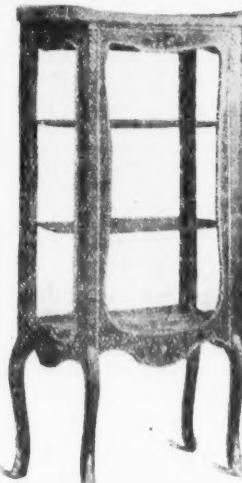


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You don't have to be a canny Scot to appreciate the economy of the

serial for their magazine, and the story has created great discussion. It is a novel of English political and social life of to-day, and so keen was Mr. Zangwill's power in forecasting the trend of political developments in the recent history of the Transvaal war that he has been accused of plagiarizing history. The New York "Times" says, however: "Mr. Zangwill is too clever to make a novel out of newspaper clippings. It was the war that copied Mr. Zangwill, not Mr. Zangwill who copied the war." The press of Great Britain and the United States are unanimous in complimenting Mr. Zangwill on his remarkable book, and the Montreal "Herald," in reviewing the book, says: "Here we see the game of politics, the craft of statesmanship, the discussion of an empire's responsibility, its strength and weakness when faced with war . . . History may be said to have plagiarized Zangwill, for the novel was conceived and worked out long before the Empire was involved in the Boer embroilment . . . Of a truth it would seem there is yet virtue in the mantle of Elijah, and that prophecy has not died out in Israel." Issued in a handsome cloth edition by W. J. Gage & Co., with numerous full-page illustrations, it makes an elegant holiday gift.

Margaret Sangster's charming volume, *Winsome Womanhood*, appears this week from the Revell press. It is a dainty, refreshing series of talks about the life and conduct of girls, young and grown up. The illustrations are photographic studies from life of beautiful young women, reproduced in sepia from pictures by W. B. Dyer, whose success in photographic illustrations is notable. The pages of the book are decorated with exquisite initial pieces, copies of famous delicate lace handkerchiefs. Mrs. Sangster, the author, is editor of a department in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. For ten years she was editor of "*Harper's Bazaar*." She has been a writer ever since she was a child. The *"Atlantic Monthly"* published one of her first poems, written in her early twenties. Mrs. Sangster feels that her special message is to the women of this land, and her devoted love is given to young women. As a member of the American committee of the Y.W.C.A., she frequently addresses large audiences. She writes with ease and spontaneity, never finding her work other than delight. But she says she takes more pride in her good housekeeping than in her authorship.

The Copp-Clark Company (Limited) have issued the menu of their "Feast of Good Things" for 1900—in other words, their catalogue of Christmas books. It is a neatly arranged pamphlet of forty pages, relieved by occasional illustrations, and should be in the hands of all book-buyers and book-lovers before making purchases for themselves or their friends this Christmastide. An enumeration of the books published by the Copp-Clark Company would be conclusive proof that they are bringing out many of the best books in the market—quality being estimated either from the standpoint of literary merit or beauty of design.

The press has already felt the fascination of Maurice Hewlett's new novel, *Richard Yeo-and-Nay*, a Coeur de Lion story. His Forest Lovers was a beautiful production, but this one is greater. The New York "Tribune" said of it in a recent issue: "It is a remarkable work. We started by praising it for its portraiture of Richard. We end by praising it for the same thing. Also for its romantic glamor; for its rich, nervous style; for its penetrating glimpses into the characters of all those historic individuals and historic types who surround the hero; for its humor, and for its originality." This



ILLUSTRATION FROM "A KENTUCKY CARDINAL."

tal Tommy to the last! Everybody will read about him, for he is the talker of two continents. Men will swoon as they read (that is, mainly men), and wish they had a club and Tommy at hand to dispose of. Women too, will resent Tommy, though a few soft-hearted will pity and excuse him, even as they did the criminal Birchall, only because they do not grasp the enormity of crime. But everybody will love Grizel, a modern Psyche, who slaughtered her soul because of her capacity to idealize. Tommy, her god, was in reality only a weak, vain, de-testable man, but she could not see it, even at the last.

From the books published by the Copp-Clark Company we select several specially timely in view of the holiday buying. First, there is the new Christmas story by Paul Leicester Ford. But to remind one of Janice Meredith is to assure the sale of Ford's new book, apart from its own merits, which are great. The story is not long. It is one that could easily be read during a winter evening, and finished before the fire dies in the grate. It is an ideal story for reading aloud in one's intimate innercircle: a love tale, yet not too sentimental; such a changeable story—drifting so prettily from fun to

to the gallery. It does not, so to speak, leave an unpleasant taste in the mouth. You are introduced to the gaiety of London in the days of George II. You pass, by the aid of the writer's genius, through many varieties of life. But the tendency of the book is pure and wholesome. Miss Braddon knows the world and knows human nature. The London "Daily News" says: "The romance is written with Miss Braddon's accustomed vigor and picturesqueness. The scenes are dashed in boldly." The London "Academy" says: "The style is singularly finished . . . It were to be wished that many a young impressionist showed the feeling for good English, which is a Braddonian tradition . . . the peridot, that of George II, has been carefully studied." In Canada Miss Braddon's great romance has not only captured her admirers of years ago, but has made her a new circle of readers, many of whom are unacquainted with the long series of novels with which she has entertained the world. Especially among clergymen, has there been a large sale of the book. The "Methodist Magazine" says: "We wonder what John Wesley would think of himself as a character in romance. He had not the horror of imaginative literature which some of his followers have exhibited. It is well known that he edited an edition of Coke's *The Fool of Quality*, as well as wrote a commentary on Shakespeare, both of which his less large-minded executors suppressed. It is significant of the more strenuous thought of the period that some of the most successful tales of the times have had distinctly religious subjects as *The Christian*, *The Master Christian*, and now Miss Braddon's *Infidel*. The heroine of this story, the daughter of a London renegade clergyman and hack writer, was brought up steeped in the free thought of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists. By a romantic event she becomes the wife and widow of an Irish lord. She flaunts it amid the gayest devotees of fashion. But she comes under the power of Methodism, and especially under the personal spell of John Wesley. The potent example of Methodist zeal in saving the bodies, as well as the souls, of men breaks down her prejudice and leads her to her acceptance of the evangelical religion. A vivid picture of the times is given of the torchlight preaching of Whitfield, the sordid wretchedness of the poor, and the heartless frivolity of the rich. The transforming power of Methodist teaching and practice are strikingly set forth in this remarkable

story—drifting so prettily from fun to

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NEW BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

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is also from the Copp-Clark Company. A beautiful book, specially suited for Christmas gift, and published by the same firm, is *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, by James Lane Allen; priced \$2. This is a new edition in one volume, with 100 quaint illustrations by Hugh Thomson. Bound in polished cardinal cloth, with special cover design in gilt. Each copy boxed. In his new preface to this new edition, Mr. Allen reveals his methods of work, and talks in a delightfully personal way of Kentucky, the source and inspiration of all his stories.

The Copp-Clark Company have brought out also Barrie's book, *Tommy and Grizel*. Poor Tommy! Sentimental little touches, and back to brightness again before one has had time to become too grave. The friendship between the heroine and a little "newsie," whom her carriage accidentally crushes, is prettily human, and their conversations, though half constructed of street-wait lore, are delightfully re-

freshing. That Miss Braddon's new novel, *The Infidel*, is selling by tens of thousands in England is a sufficient proof that the public there, who know her so well, still have faith in her. In *The Infidel* she has not disappointed them. It is an admirable piece of work of sane and sound fiction. There is no morbidity about it, and no mere playing

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The "cases" are admittedly elegant, and are finished in the most beautiful Mahogany and Walnuts.

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Owing to the consolidation of interests, and reduction of expenses resulting from our handling the product of so many factories, we are enabled to offer Mendelssohn Pianos at extremely reasonable prices and terms. What do you say to \$15 cash and \$6 per month, on a new Mendelssohn Upright?

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HAMILTON
66 KING ST. W.

velist, and A Daughter of Witches certainly places her star in the ascendant. Her Judith Moore was a pastoral, sincere and strong, and her truthfulness to nature raised the book above the common crowd. In A Daughter of Witches she develops many definite types of character that are well wrought out, and in portraying these she shows unusual insight. Published by W. J. Gage & Co.

A remarkable presentation of the fateful problem of womanhood in India is contained in two books just published by Fleming H. Revell Company. *The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood*, by Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller, is an "American" woman's statement of the case. Mrs. Fuller's volume might almost be called Uncle Tom's Cabin of Indian women. It is a thrilling plea for their rescue from the bondage of awful customs. *The Story of Pandita Ramabai*, by Helen S. Dyer, is a sketch of a typical native woman, one who has triumphed over her surroundings and is attempting to help her oppressed sisters. Both books are amply illustrated.

Three very dainty little volumes, newly from the Revell press, are called *Unto Him, For Eyes That Weep*, and *For Hearts That Hope*. Bishop John H. Vincent has written *Unto Him*. He calls his subtitle *A Simple Study About Coming to Christ Jesus*. For Eyes That Weep bears the authorship of the Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Smith, a noted Congregational minister of St. Paul. The Rev. Dr. James C. K. McClure, author of *Environment*, and president of the Lake Forest University, writes the third volume of the series, *For Hearts That Hope*. The books are uniformly bound in a series the publishers call *Ideal Messages*.

The Origin of a Scandal

"Said Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.
In quite a confidential way:
It seems to me
That Mrs. B.
Takes too much—of something—in her tea."

"And Mrs. J.
To Mrs. K.
That night was overheard to say
She grieved to touch
Upon it much,
But Mrs. B. took—such and such!

"Then Mrs. K.
Went straight away,
And told a friend, the self-same day,
'Twas sad to think—
Here comes a wink—
That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."

"The friend's disgust
Was such she must
Inform a lady, 'which she nussed.'
That Mrs. B.
At half-past three,
Was that far gone she couldn't see."

"This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needle-work to Mrs. B.
And at such news
Could hardly choose
But further needle-work refuse.

"Then Mrs. B.
As you'll agree,
Quite properly she said she
That she would track
The scandal back

To those who made her look so black.

"Through Mrs. K.
And Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A..
Asked her why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye.

"Said Mrs. A.
In sore dismay,
I no such thing could ever say.
I said that you
But stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do."



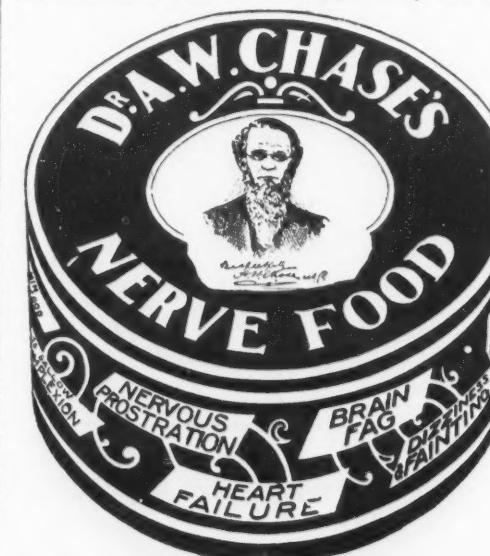
"Young man, can you support a family?"
"I only want your daughter, sir."

The fact that most of the people who make fools of themselves do so unconsciously saves the world a great deal of pain.

The Human Body

a Bundle of Nerves

Without that vital force supplied by the nervous system, the heart, lungs, stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are powerless to perform their functions, and hence it is that weak, starved and exhausted nerves result in such derangements as cause indigestion, nervous dyspepsia and headache; tired, languid and despondent feelings; loss of energy and ambition; fear to venture and incapacity for business; nervousness, weakness, debility and general break-down of the body.



The human body is a bundle of nerves and the whole system is instilled with nerve energy and vitality when the nerves are revitalized by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Through this great restorative prescription, Dr. A. W. Chase has made it possible to cure the most serious cases of nervous disease. This great food cure tones and invigorates the system as no preparation was ever known to do.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

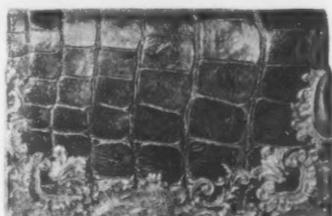
The wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and the consequent popularity which it has attained, has given rise to numberless imitations; but instead of being genuine food cures, these preparations contain poisonous drugs, such as morphine, cocaine and aconite, which relieve by deadening the nerves, but do not nourish them back to health and build up new nerve tissue, as does Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

As you value your life and health, beware of these worthless imitations. On every box of the genuine will be found a portrait and facsimile signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the best guarantee as to quality which any preparation can possibly have. This cut of the box is given for your guidance. Insist on having the genuine, and do not under any circumstances accept substitutes of any description. 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

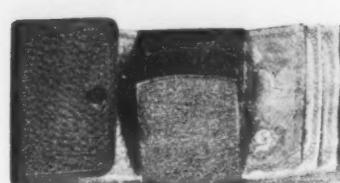
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No. 684—Real Alligator, Grey, Tan, Chocolate, Cement, Green—\$1.75.

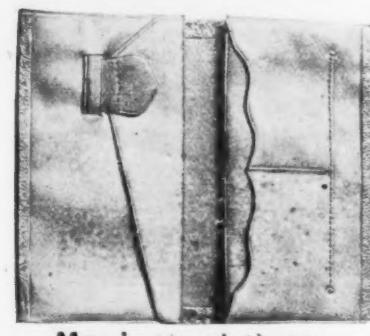
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With waxed paper to prevent sticking.
Easily carried in card-case.
Prices—15c., 25c., 35c.

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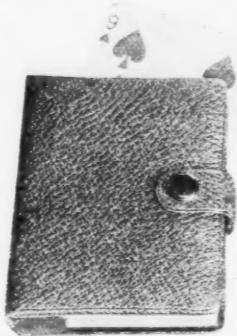
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**Traveling Cribbage Set (CLOSED)**

In compact form for Traveling
Complete with Boards, Pegs and Gilt-Edged Cards.

Photograph Cases**Photograph Cases**

WITH CELLULOID FRONT
CABINET, CARTE DE VISITE SIZES
With stand on back as in Cut, prices—

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With Sterling Buttons.

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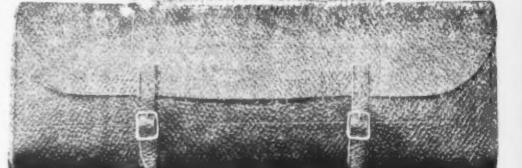
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704, Seal, Grain, Black, price \$1.75.

Other prices, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$5, \$6, \$9, \$10, \$12

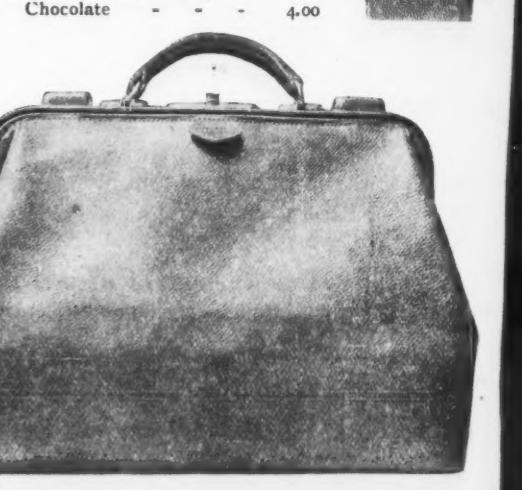
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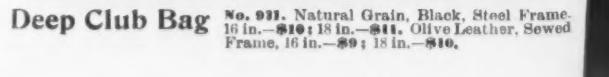
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Fitted Suit Case

Olive or Russet; Ebony Brushes; Nickle or Sterling Top Bottles—

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